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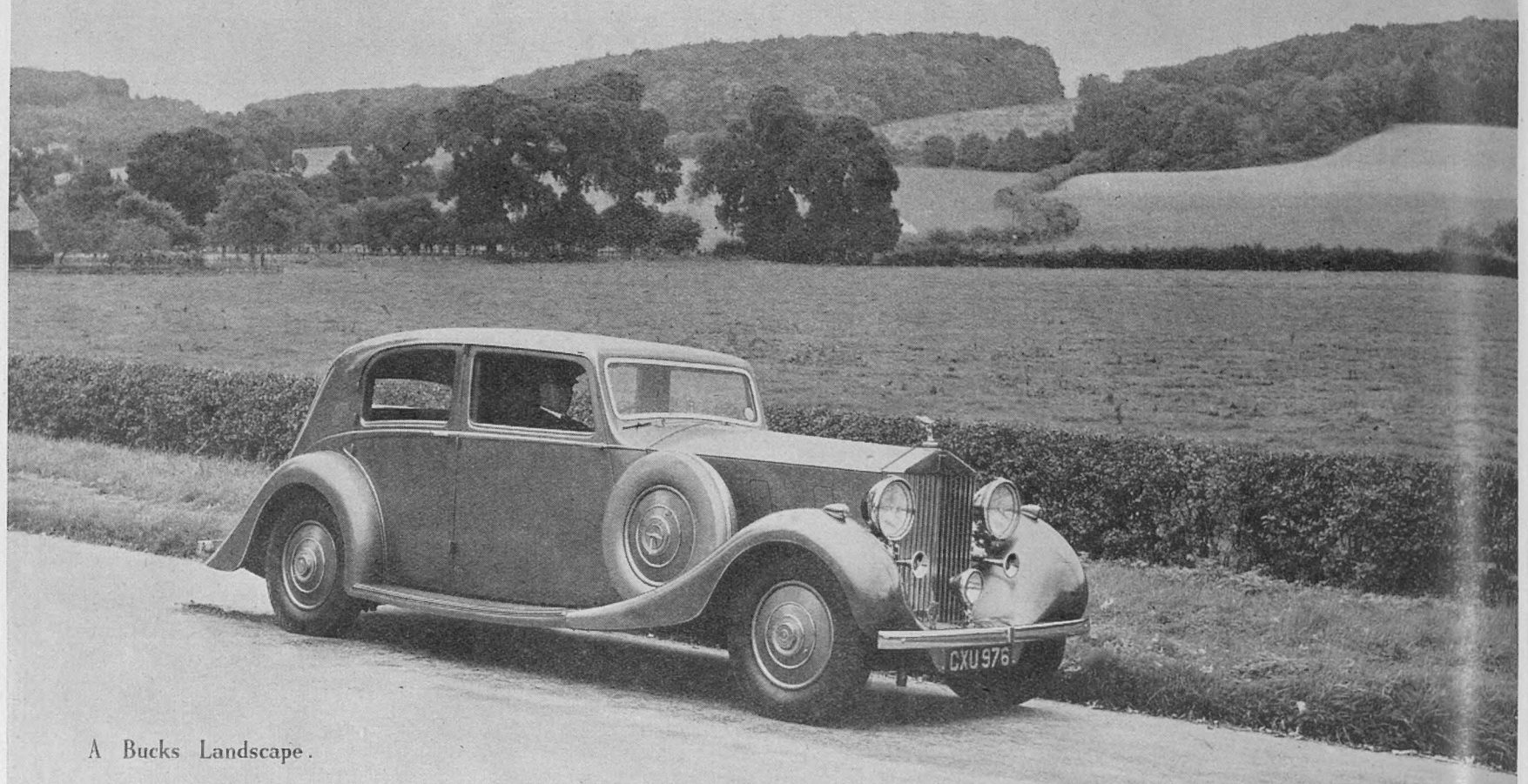

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 12, 1938

RUSSIA'S ARCTIC EPIC

A Tent Being Dug Out of the Snow Following the Dramatic Rescue of the Four Soviet Scientists from their Ice Floe

Last year, when four Soviet scientists established themselves on an ice floe within a few miles of the North Pole, their object being to drift southwards gathering meteorological information as they went, the world began to follow their progress with eager interest, admiring their courage in facing the ordeal of an Arctic winter with nothing over them but their tents or an extemporised ice hut, and nothing under them but a floe which, sooner or later, was bound to break up. For nine months the scientists drifted towards the Greenland coast, covering a distance of 1,500 miles, in the course of which their safety was imperilled time and time again by the pressure ice, by blizzards, and by rapid thaws; but they kept their camp together and a short while ago came the tidings of their rescue effected by the ice-breakers *Murman* and *Taimyr* which, creeping foot by foot through the pack, eventually reached them. The meeting was dramatic in the extreme, M. Ostaltseff, who was in charge of the relief, advancing with eighty men from the two ships, many of them carrying flags, and greeting M. Papanin, the leader of the scientists, with the words: "On the instructions of the Soviet Government, the *Taimyr* and the *Murman* are at your disposal. I await your orders." Cheers were then raised in honour of Ostaltseff, Papanin and his comrades, and Stalin. After this solemn ritual the party began to break camp, its work heroically accomplished, and to prepare for the homeward journey

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THE KING DRIVES TO HIS LEVEE

The scene in The Mall as the King drove in State last week from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace to hold a Levee, which was attended by many notabilities of Church and State, by representatives of the Services, and leading members of the Diplomatic Corps. The coach was drawn by two of the famous Windsor greys, and His Majesty was accompanied by a captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards.

Right—SOME NOTABILITIES HIS MAJESTY RECEIVED

THE HIGHER COMMAND was represented at the King's Levee by Viscount Gort, who was received on appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff

THE LAW: Mr. St. John Field, K.C., was presented by the Secretary of State for the Home Department on his appointment as Recorder of Warwick

THE CHURCH: The Right Rev. John Macmillan, Bishop of Guildford, leaving after the Levee. He is son of Alexander Macmillan, of publishing fame

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, March 9, 1938.

PAYING FOR DEFENCE.—I wonder what Gladstonian Chancellors would have said to a forecast of a £1,000,000,000 budget! We shall have one no doubt in 1939. This spring Sir John Simon has got to raise the wind to the tune of £940,000,000 which, all things considered and set off, means the finding of new taxes to raise £50,000,000. And last year it was freely admitted that saturation point had been about reached. £50,000,000 takes some raising by indirect means, and any other means is in a vicious circle, for that is to drain the life blood on which the leech feeds. The White Paper on Defence makes clear that the £1,500,000,000 five-year plan was an underestimate. More must be spent in the period on defence, and when it is over . . . . ? All depends on whether the world has grown any less insane. It is a doleful prospect. Consider only as a small example the serious effect on income tax receipts which the present slump on 'Change will have in due course on the harvest from S.E. firms! The Budget of April, 1938, will be a teaser to balance. That of April, 1939, cannot be any easier. It is clear that here in prosperous England we have at last reached, thanks to the folly and madness of civilisation, a stage of patchwork finance; the long view is no longer possible, we must live from hand to mouth. For what Chancellor in 1939 would be so reckless as to bank, as last year, on increased revenue from better trade? It is consolation, to know that those who have been spending the money on armaments, are satisfied that it has been well spent and that progress has been up to expectation. The Premier defended Defence in a fine fighting speech. "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do . . ."

MARCH COMES IN LIKE A LAMB: Nursemaids and their charges basking in the sunshine in Rotten Row last week-end when London, together with many other parts of the country, enjoyed a foretaste of summer. On Sunday the temperature recorded at Bath was 65 deg., being about equal to the average maximum for the beginning of June

LORD HALIFAX'S POSITION.—The Opposition's very strenuous objection to a Foreign Secretary in the Lords may have been in part "party" and petulant, but it was enough to worry the Premier. It drives home the lesson that the constant reluctance of Conservative Premiers to tackle the reform of the House of Lords may be not only an acute danger in the future but exceedingly embarrassing to-day and any day. For some decades now the House of Lords has ceased to be of prime political or constitutional importance in the eyes of Commons and people. In our eyes, certain purely routine functions still preserve for it some sort of *raison d'être*. Its existence unreformed is an anachronism; it is a misfortune because it bottles up so many men of vast experience and great talent in a backwater of debate when they might be of greater service to their country in another place, and because the chance of primogeniture may guillotine a brilliant career and service of national importance. Dangerous because nothing to-day stands between the Statute Book and wild and hot-head legislation which might be rushed through by an extreme Government brought to power by a snap victory on a wave of reaction. Lord Halifax is the best man to fill Mr. Eden's place and it is a reasonable contention that, being what he is and where he is, he is unable to offer his fullest percentage of usefulness. As regards Lord Halifax, exceptionally, I do not agree in the view myself. Of all Ministers of State the Foreign Secretary to-day most needs to be nursed and protected from questions, most needs time for quiet reflection. Europe would be a little nearer appeasement to-day if Foreign Ministers truckled less to the public demand for constant information during pending negotiations; if they said less and perhaps reflected more. If ever there was a time for England to be "governed from a Whig Country House," it is to-day.

D'ANNUNZIO.—What shall I say of Gabriele D'Annunzio? The Prince of Monte Nevoso must of course be compared with Byron. Each excelled as a lyricist, each was poet at war with man of action. D'Annunzio did for Italy what Byron tried to do for Greece. He liberated her spirit, gave her a sense of her imperial destiny. The spirit he breathed into Italy was that of modern Fascist Italy. For Fascism, if not the letter, was assuredly the spirit of his teaching. His novels are perhaps *vieux jeu* already, his stories belonged to a phase which has passed. Instinct with beauty and imagery, cruelty, lust, splendour, his poetry will survive though few Englishmen can properly appreciate any form of literature in which he excelled in his phases. He could turn his hand to anything, even to philosophy of a kind. Ugly and baldheaded, he was perpetually romantic, for ever, even in retreat on Lake Garda, the centre of the stage and of the world. Perpetually play acting, the supreme egotist, implacable, vain to madness, ruthless, and yet vulnerable. Poet and politician, dramatist and demagogue, sybarite and soldier, decadent and dare-devil, he was eternally exciting, eternally in revolt. When the war came, his reputation had declined. He was regarded as played-out, a Swinburne at the Putney phase, an aesthetic decadent running to fat and to seed. He squeezed into his armour and fought brilliantly on land and sea and air. He stormed the political platform and his oratorical imagery brought Italy into the war on the right side and knocked out the wavering statesmen. He lost an eye and regained world fame. And lost his

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

head again which even baldness could not keep cool. In the face of Italy and the Allies he seized and held Fiume for his country and was ingloriously booted out after a romantic reign of a year, a year of bravado and boasting and reckless daring. Of what was this incredible figure composed, to set our age scratching its head, applauding, marvelling, guffawing? A pinch of Cellini, of Faust, of Don Juan; a little of Manfred, but not very much of him; a touch of Cyrano, a trifle of Byron; a good deal of Irving, more than a touch of him; something of D'Artagnan, something of Wilkes, a weaving fantastic of fustian and silks. He was a straggler from Renaissance days—or perhaps he was born only thirty years too soon.

AUSTRIA'S SHORT BREATHING SPACE.—Before the Chancellor's broadcast account of his surrender to Hitler's demands had been complete[d], Nazis in Austria were demonstrat[ing] in force. It is an ominous sign of t[rou]ble to come from within, let alone fr[om] without, Austria. In the Styrian [ci]ty of Graz, only 100 miles from Vie[nn]a, a stronghold of the Nazis, 50,000 Nazis marched through the streets in defiance of the Government's ban on demonstrations and before night the city had been surrounded by Government troops. That was on February 27. Incredible as it may appear, the new Minister of the Interior, the pro-Nazi Dr. Seyss-Inquart next day visited Graz and harangued his "supporters" there. He went ostensibly to command moderation, yet one might have supposed that so risky an expedient would have been the very last idea in the head of the new Minister, so summarily and so unwillingly introduced into the Austrian Government, a Minister whose conduct was being watched by millions of anxious eyes. One read the report and fell sadly back to the view that the Nazi mentality cannot be judged on ordinary standards, that its hubris is incorrigible, juggernaut. The average man would have sworn that, having gained so much, Nazism would have granted a breathing space to its victim, and held its hand for a month at least. But no.

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."—Such rainfall as was recorded at Pasadena and Los Angeles was a record even in the land of records. In 4½ days 27 ins. of rain fell at Pasadena, of which 13 ins. fell in as many hours. Los Angeles recorded 7 ins. in 24 hrs. Nothing was left in the way of communications but spasmodic and often one-sided wireless. 10,000 people are said to have been rendered temporarily homeless in the flooded area of Southern California. Gales and high tides made things even worse. It was a disaster of first magnitude and the sympathy of all goes out to the sufferers. Of the rich film stars, it is possible to speak in lighter vein. They endured discomfort but no irreparable disaster. Noah Beery omitted to build an ark. The poor swamped and isolated stars of Hollywood must regret this lack of foresight. For many of them their case was for many hours critical and intensely uncomfortable. But, Gee! what a chance for a film scoop which will surely not have been lost—

"There is a tide in the affairs
of men
Which taken at the *flood*, leads
on to fortune."

Water, water, everywhere. Marooned film stars, wading film stars, rescued heroines, submerged world sweethearts. It is impossible that Ronald Colman and Gable and the Fairbanks, if available, missed such opportunities for the exercise of their peculiar genius.

A SAFETY IDEA.—Most of us as we grow old realise that true riches are simply the power to produce ideas; that money without that directing force is a mere encumbrance and cannot even produce material comfort and amenity. In any movement of the day, one good idea is worth the expenditure of many thousands of pounds on stop-gaps. Therefore honour to the Cheshire children's road safety committee which has had a really great (because simple) idea of a "safety-valve" for children let out of school—that the authorities should enforce a statutory five minutes runabout in the school-yard to let off surplus steam before the children are turned off to the perils of the streets and roads. Many deaths of children on the roads are due to nothing but the reckless enthusiasm for letting off steam which all young things feel when freshly out of harness. Every motorist, who has passed a school discharging its pupils, knows that fact.

"CERTIFIED" ART.—Dictator States do not do *everything* better than the old fly-blown Democracies. We, for example, still lead them in our handling of major political crises (domestic). We do the business with dignity, good nature, and a total absence of bloodshed. But we might take our hats off to Berlin in its effort to show up certain aspects of modern art, the degenerate, realism-gone-mad, uglification-at-all-costs, schools. They have staged an exhibition in Berlin in which notable examples of modern painting are shown side by side with paintings done in lunatic asylums by certified patients. In order to assist a puzzled public the works of the "certified" artists are clearly distinguished by labels. Otherwise it is impossible for a prospective buyer to be certain that he is spending good money on acquiring works of art (i.e., the paintings of the *un*certified lunatics).

AT AGNEW'S.—Agnew's are offering the public a free gift of an enchanting show—water colours and pencil drawings by old and modern masters of these arts. It is like a breath of sanity and fresh air to appreciate the quiet dignity and sure touch of some of these masters whose realism is to record the essentials of truth and beauty. Take Cotman's "Byland Abbey" (177), P. de Windt's "Lincoln" (173) or "The Swale" (168), Copley Fielding's "Loch Fyne" (171), Turner's "Caley Hall" (139), Cox's "Richmond Castle" (133), Girton's "Haugham Abbey" (81), or H. D. Hamilton's "Portrait of a Lady." Take them! I wish I could take even one of them. This perhaps is our English method—less crude and drastic than the German—of showing up what is patently decadent and ridiculous in very modern art.

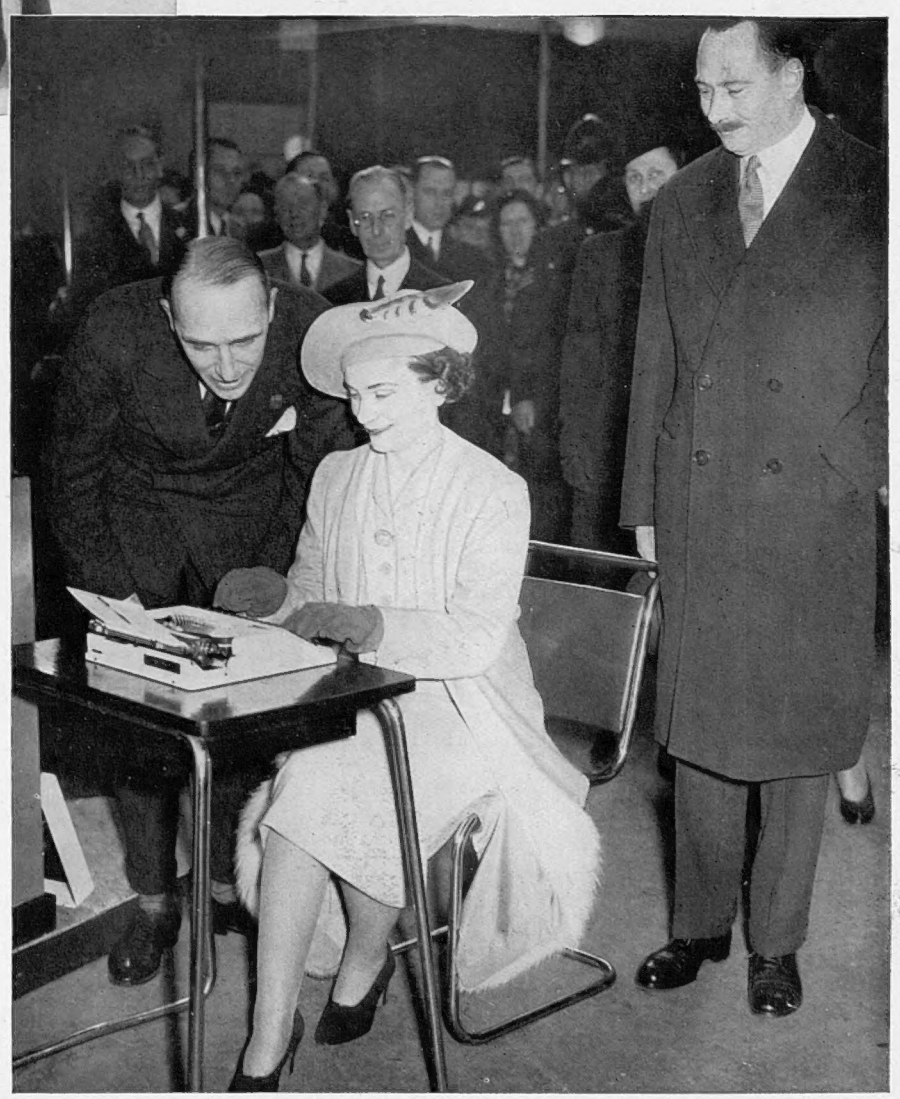
GLORY OF BELGRAVE SQUARE.—"Hearts just as brave and fair, may beat in Belgrave Square as in the lowly air of Seven Dials," said Gilbert. Belgrave Square, when my grandfather first came to London from Ireland with an £80 a year clerkship, was still known as the "Five Fields" an area of marsh and bog, haunted by snipe and highwaymen, including the notorious Jerry Abershaw who had a shack bolt-hole in that miasmic swamp. In the '30s, Mr. Cubitt found gravel beds below the clay and acquired building leases of the swamp from the ground landlords, the Grosvenors and others. He made his bricks of the clay and built on the gravel, and in the '40s Belgravia became the social rival of Mayfair, and Fashion in Belgravia indeed appalled Fashion in Mayfair by its modernity. As the generations passed Belgravia suffered some decline in favour. To-day Mayfair is the victim of commercialism and Belgravia the last stronghold of the Aristocracy. Dukes once more are three a penny there, ejected thither by the Angel of commerce from Mayfair and St. James's. Belgravia is to-day the last London stronghold of "our old Nobility," and Mayfair is dishonoured by use as an epithet to label four of the most atrocious young blackguards as ever deserved hard labour and the cat.

"MARY GOES TO SEE."—Everything in this play is sacrificed to the great little Marie Tempest—character, consistency, probability. Mary crossed the sea on the slenderest excuse and devastated the family life of her brother, leaving a trail of broken ideals and shattered household gods and making the last state of a quite contented family far worse than the first. Even the excuse of allowing Miss Tempest to be her charming self did not seem to justify so much devastation in art and in fiction. Compare this play with, say, *His House in Order* or *The Voysey Inheritance*—it is like comparing a pavement drawing of a Christmas scene with Vermeer's "View of Delft." No doubt, a great actress who is "always herself" has a bad influence on playwriting. Her genius appears to call for these terrible sacrifices.

THE OLD STAGER

THE WORLD COURT: Sir Cecil Hurst, G.C.M.G., who has been Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague since 1929, presented his son, Mr. Richard Hurst

THE TANK CORPS: Lieut. L. Shirley-Price and Lieut. R. Ward were presented by Major-General Sir E. Swinton

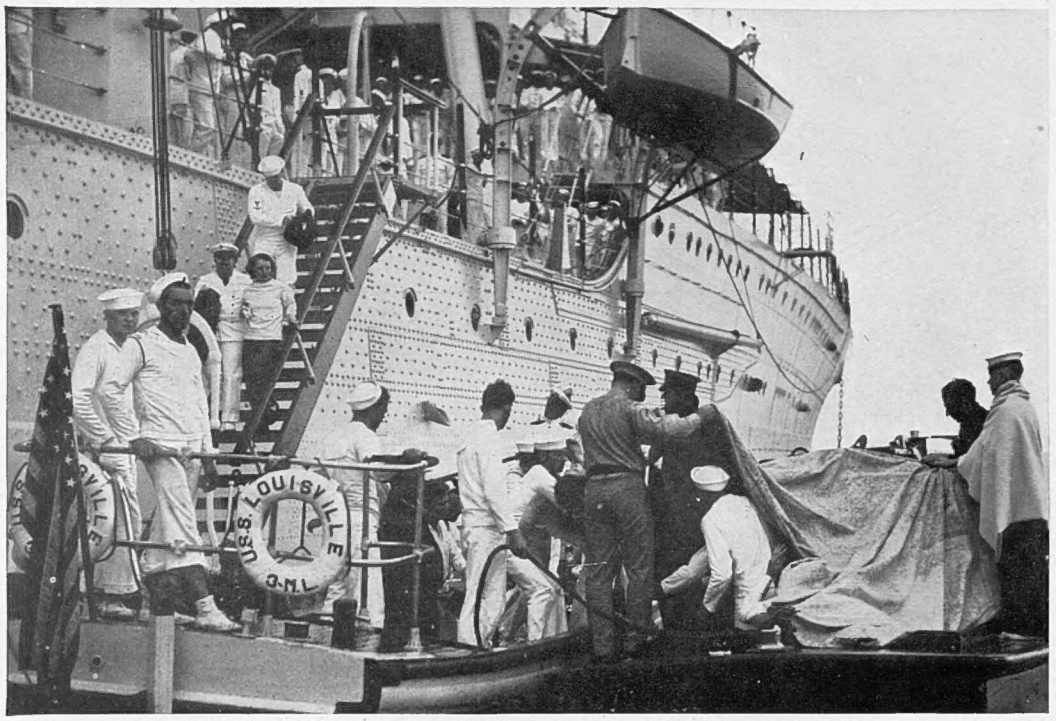


THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER TRYING OUT ONE OF THE WORLD'S SMALLEST TYPEWRITERS during her visit in company with the Duke to the Olympia section of the British Industries Fair. This was the first time she had ever used a typewriter. As usual members of the Royal Family have been frequent visitors to the Fair during its progress, making many purchases in the course of lengthy tours of the various sections

WAY OF THE WORLD

PARIS BASKS IN THE SPRING-LIKE WARMTH OF THE MARCH SUNSHINE: The anti-cyclone, which gave England a respite from winter, also made its presence felt in France, and on Sunday the side-walk cafés were thronged with patrons. This picture was taken in the rue Royale near the Madeleine

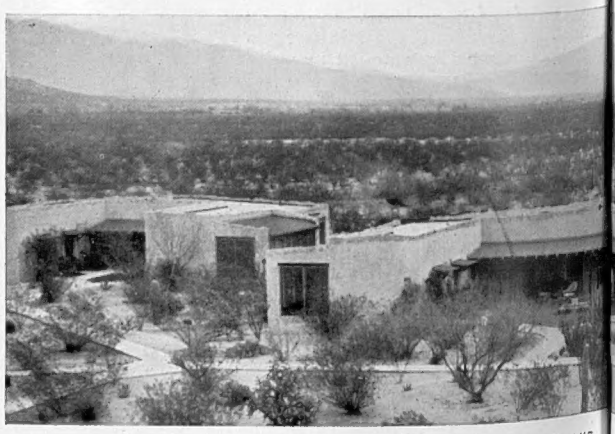
THE PASSING OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO: The gun carriage bearing the remains of the Italian poet and patriot leaving D'Annunzio's home, the Vittoriale, en route to the church of Upper Gardone for the funeral service. Marching



THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE: Men of the United States warship, *Louisville*, transferring a casualty to a launch following the mishap in Sydney harbour at the time of the Australian anniversary celebrations when a boatload of sightseers overturned. Prompt action by the *Louisville's* crew prevented a major disaster. A girl can be seen on the gangway wearing borrowed sailor dress

On left — ARGENTINA CHOOSES A NEW PRESIDENT: Dr. Roberto Ortiz re-entering his carriage after taking the oath in the presence of the National Legislative Assembly in Buenos Aires. He was the National Coalition candidate, and received 1,097,962 votes compared with the 815,190 cast for Dr. de Alvear, the Radical nominee

AUSTRIA'S JUBILANT NAZIS: This was the immense crowd that turned out to greet Dr. Seyss-Inquart last week-end when the newly appointed pro-Hitler Minister of the Interior in Austria's Cabinet visited Linz to discuss with local leaders

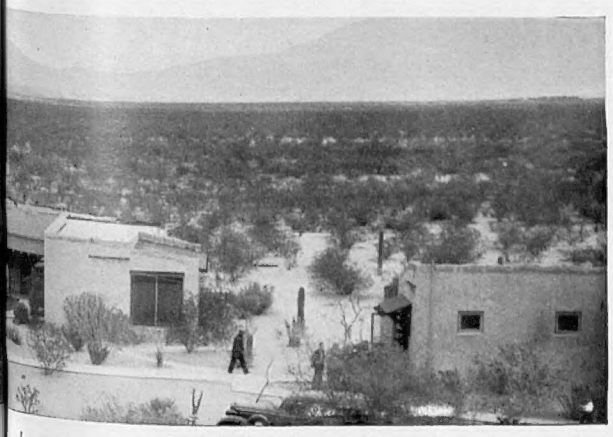


WHERE GENERAL PERSHING HAS BEEN FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE: The desert sanatorium near Tucson, Arizona, in which the great American soldier, who is now seventy-seven, has

THE FUNERAL OF ITALY'S POET AND PATRIOT: THE NAZIS OF LINZ WELCOME THEIR CHIEF: THE FLOOD HAVOC IN LOS ANGELES: DR. ORTIZ TAKES OFFICE IN BUENOS AIRES

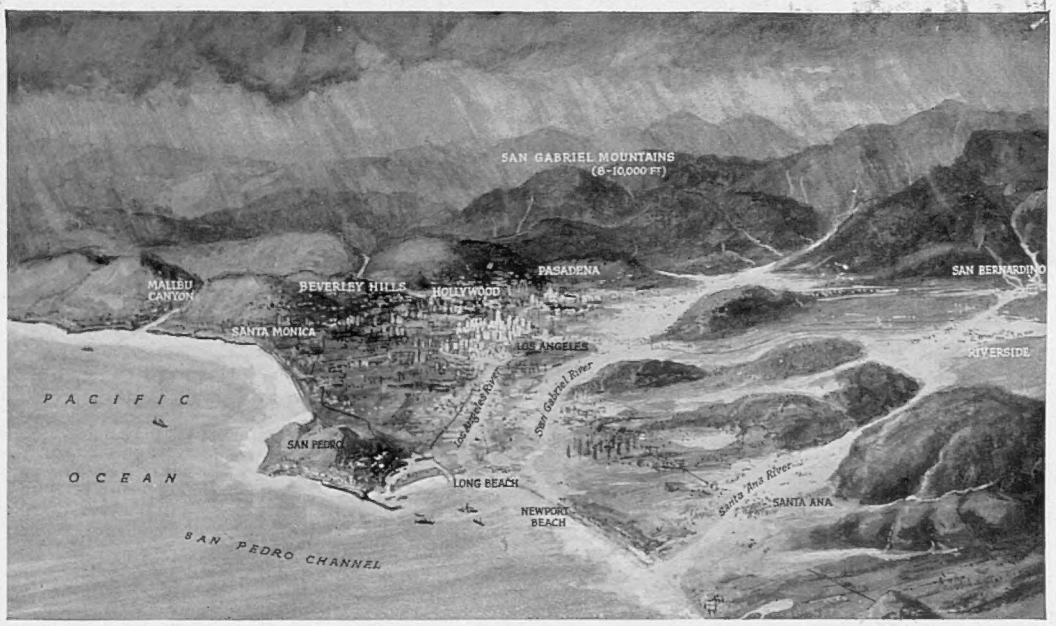
beside the coffin were six uniformed pall-bearers and another representing the Italian Royal Academy, while following behind were relatives and many notabilities, including Signor Mussolini and the Duke of Bergamo, representing the King of Italy

questions relating to their lately regained political liberty. Linz is Germanic to the core, and the people on this occasion demonstrated in no uncertain fashion their eagerness for the *Anschluss* and their unwillingness to be politically restrained



been lying dangerously ill, but, according to reports at the time of writing, has rallied strongly. General Pershing was Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Expeditionary Force in 1917–18

CORNISH CLIFF TRAGEDY: Men at work with jacks on the beach at Trebarwith when recovering the body of Dr. Percy White, of Clifton, who was killed following the fall of about a hundred tons of rock. The body was deeply buried beneath the debris and could not be reached before the tide came in



Drawn by D. Macpherson

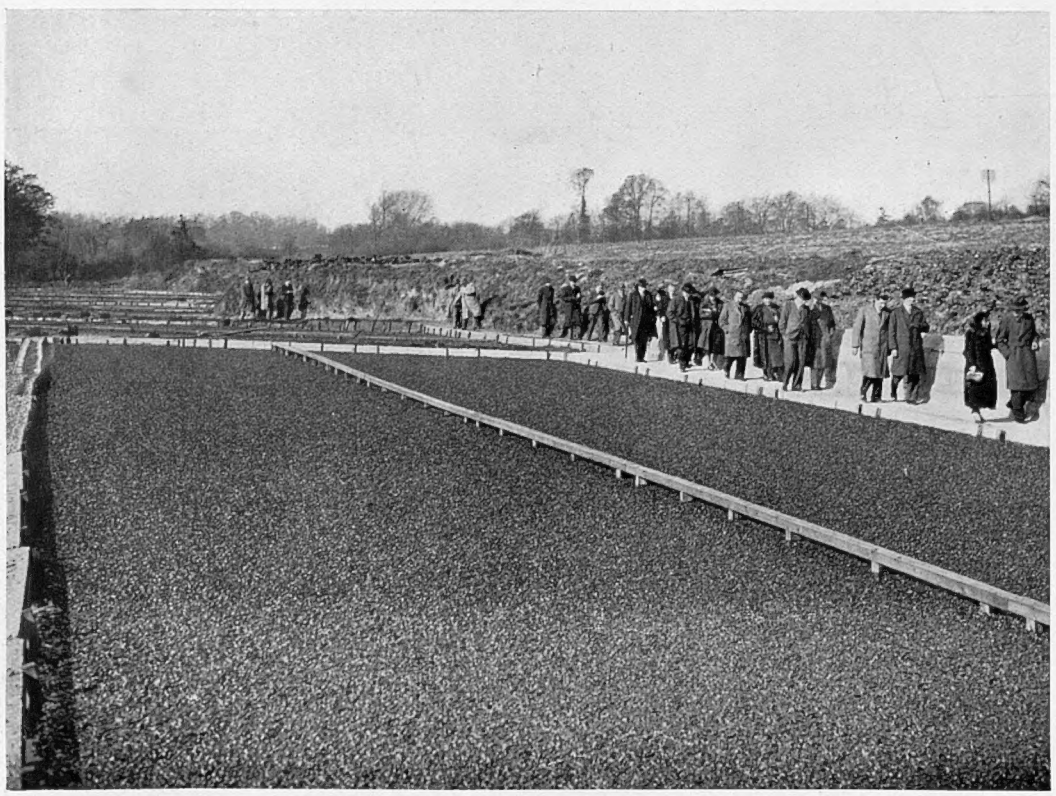
THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN FLOOD AREA: A diagrammatic sketch of the Los Angeles district which as a result of incessant rains has been the scene of the worst floods in its history, Hollywood being completely cut off, and conditions being almost equally bad in San Bernardino. At least 125 people have lost their lives, 3,500 have been rendered homeless, and the damage to property is tentatively put at £5,000,000

On right—HAVOC IN SANTA MONICA: A refreshment house in the Californian flood area which suddenly collapsed after its foundations had been undermined by heavy rains

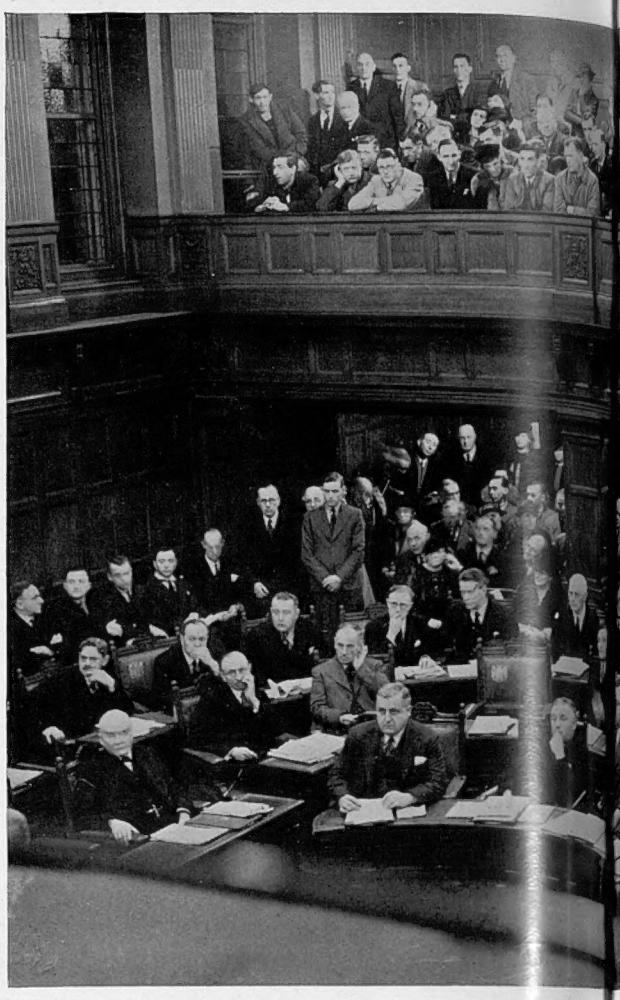
THE WEEK AT

BELGIAN FISHERFOLK COME TO ENGLAND: Some of the picturesquely clad Flemish women who landed at Dover last week, and on Saturday night took part at the Albert Hall, London, in the annual re-union of the Polytechnic Touring Association which this year is celebrating the jubilee of its formation. The Flemings, with their music and folk-dances, Provençal dancers from Nice, the Edelweiss Swiss Yodel Choir, German dancers from the Black Forest, and Scottish bagpipers, all contributed to the variety of a programme watched by an audience of some 4,000 people, including representatives of the French, German, and Belgian Embassies

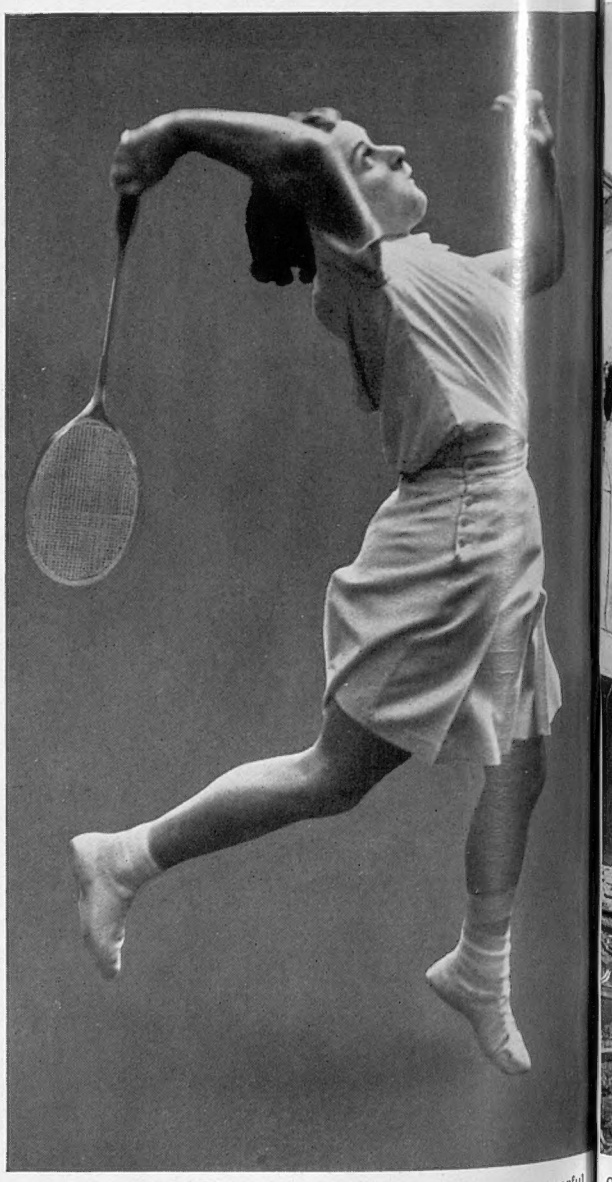
HIGH SPIRITS ON DOVER'S FRONT: The Belgian fisherfolk, who had come over to take part in the Polytechnic Association's jubilee year re-union at the Albert Hall, clog-dancing along the Marine Parade on disembarking



COPING WITH A CANARD: Members of the Press pictured during a visit to a watercress farm at Rickmansworth, Middlesex, in the course of a tour organised by the watercress section of the National Farmers' Union to demonstrate the hygienic conditions in which watercress is now grown and prepared for market. The resultant publicity, the growers hope, will help to convince the public that there is no need to stop buying watercress, the demand for which has dropped rather heavily since the Croydon typhoid epidemic

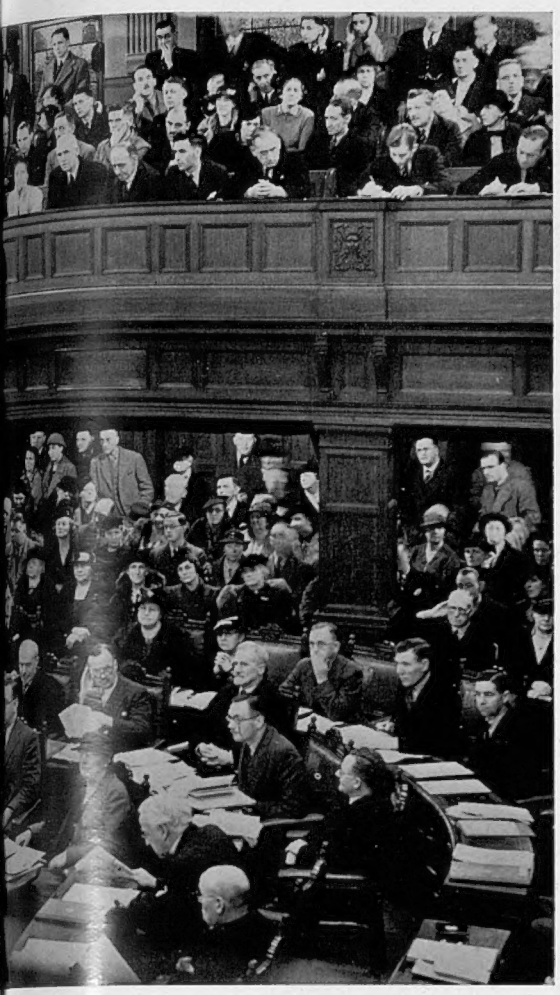


EXCITEMENT IN CROYDON: The scene in the Town Hall at the meeting of the Borough Council when the report on the inquiry into the recent epidemic of typhoid came up for consideration, the public gallery being thronged and about 00 people who were unable to gain admission, waiting outside to hear



AN ATTACKING STROKE: Miss B. Staples using her powerful smash when partnering Mrs. L. W. Myers in the third round of the Ladies' Doubles in the All England Badminton Championships staged at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. One of the matches was watched by the Duchess of Gloucester

HOME : Picturesque Belgian Visitors : Croydon and the Typhoid Inquiry : Another Breach at Horsey



developments. The meeting was sensational, Alderman Wood Roberts and the other members of the Water Committee offering to resign. During the course of the proceedings the Council received a deputation which demanded, among other things, daily bacteriological examination of the town's water

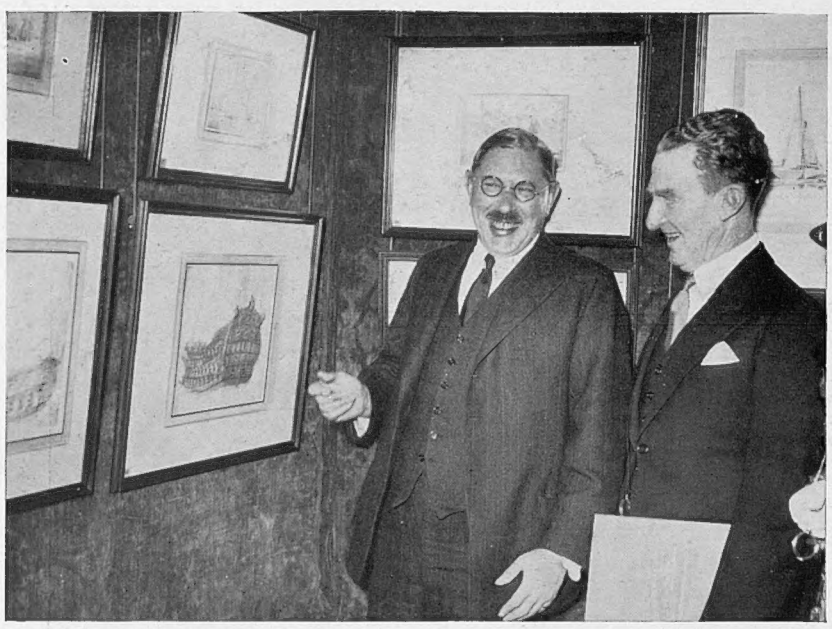
THE TIDE CONTINUES TO MENACE THE EAST NORFOLK COAST: A dramatic picture taken last week at Horsey when the sea once again swept inland, breaching a section of the piles and sandbag defences erected by the volunteer helpers who have for weeks past been fighting a desperate battle with the sea. Many rich acres have been drowned, and it is feared that their productivity has been impaired for some years to come. At the same time the inhabitants, except for a hardy band who have stayed in their marooned homes, have moved to higher ground

On right—WHERE THE BREACH OCCURRED at Horsey last week when a row of temporary piles was washed out of position by the sea which re-invaded the land beyond. The battle has been going on since February 1

On left—MAKESHIFT DEFENCES: Men at work hastily re-building the line of piles after the sea had swept them aside during one of the very high tides at Horsey last week

CRAIGWEIL HOUSE COMING DOWN: Men engaged in demolishing the residence which was the scene of King George V's convalescence at Bognor Regis after his serious illness in 1929. Following the Royal visit the resort was given the right to use the word Regis as a suffix

LOOKING DOWN ON HORSEY: An aerial view showing the scene of the breach and the land beyond it inundated by the sea which in February broke down the sand dunes and since then has been spreading far and wide across the countryside. The temporary defences, consisting of sandbags and stout wooden piles, have proved unequal to the task of keeping the water at bay, but plans are now in hand for constructing a 30,000-ton clay embankment



SHOWING THEM ROUND: Captain Bruce Ingram (left) with the Earl of Cork and Orrery at Colnaghi Galleries, New Bond Street, where a third loan exhibition from Captain Ingram's collection of maritime drawings and paintings is now being held in aid of that deserving charity, King George's Fund for Sailors. Particularly notable are the works of Van de Velde, a large number of which are on view

LONDON TO PAY TRIBUTE TO JULIA NEILSON: The Hon. John Collier's portrait of the veteran actress who celebrates on March 21 the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the London stage, and to mark the occasion a luncheon is to be held in her honour at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. Applications for tickets should be made to Miss M. Barnby at the Dorchester

ROYAL WINTER SPORTERS: Crown Princess Marthe of Norway out on the ski-ing slopes near her home in company with her daughters, Princess Ragnhild and Princess Astrid

FLORENCE AUSTRAL REAPPEARS IN OPERA: The noted Australian soprano (right), who is making a return to the London operatic stage after an absence of several years, singing the role of Brunnhilde in the Sadler's Wells production of *The Valkyrie*. With her are Joan Cross, who sings Sieglinde, and conductor Lawrence Collingwood

THE LATE DR. J. M. BULLOCH

Dr. Bulloch, who has just died at the age of seventy, was well known as an author and critic, and was a greatly respected figure in the world of journalism. At the beginning of the century he helped to found THE SPHERE, *of which he was assistant editor until 1909, and he later edited* The Graphic, *now incorporated with this journal. He was an expert on Scots history*

The ENIGMA *of* RUSSIA

What Lies Behind the Spate of Mass Arrests, Mass Trials, and Mass Executions that Blot the Soviet Rule?

BY J. BAKER WHITE

ALTHOUGH the Soviet system has now been established in Russia for nearly twenty years it remains as difficult as ever to get authoritative information as to what is happening in that country. The messages of Press correspondents are still censored by the Soviet, visitors returning from conducted tours often have completely conflicting views of the condition of the country, and Russian subjects travelling abroad are very reluctant to express their opinions. Russia remains an enigma, and in endeavouring to pierce the self-imposed screen of secrecy I shall only give such facts as can be proved from Soviet newspapers and documents.

In the past year the political history of Soviet Russia has been marked by an unending succession of mass arrests, trials, executions, or banishments to penal settlements—affecting great towns and tiny villages and the greatest and humblest people in the land. It is not perhaps generally realised that since the beginning of 1937 the Soviet Government has imprisoned or executed:—

The Presidents of eight out of the eleven Soviet Republics; the Prime Ministers of nine of the eleven Republics; eight of the General Staff of the Red Army, including Marshal Tukhachevsky, Vice-Commissar for Defence and Russia's most brilliant soldier, and Gamarnik, chief political officer of the Red Army; fifty Communist leaders in White Russia and 1,140 Communist Party members; the Commissars or Vice-Commissars of nineteen State Departments; the heads of twelve industrial trusts, four trade unions and four newspapers; more than a dozen senior officials of the Soviet Diplomatic Corps, including Karakhan, the former Vice-Commissary for Foreign Affairs; the heads of the Tass News Agency and of the Soviet Radio Communications, and Russia's leading aircraft designer.

In the period July–December, 1937, the provincial newspapers, rather more expansive than the national papers like *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, were reporting the passing of death sentences at the rate of sixty a week. The following are typical extracts:—

"The former Soviet officials of the 'gortorg' (a commercial organisation) at Khabarovsk . . . . . accused of stealing and wrecking, have been sentenced to death." (*Pacific Star*, 16.11.37).

"The members of the board of the co-operative organisation of the Kolpachevsky district . . . . . guilty of having purloined 300,000 roubles of State funds, have been sentenced to death." (*Soviet Siberia*, 2.12.37).

There are four possible explanations for this continuing and nation-wide "purge." The first is that given by the Soviet Government—"Trotskyist plotting and counter-revolutionary activity." Russia is a large country with bad communications and a very efficient secret police, factors that make plotting very difficult. Trotsky lives a long way away, in Mexico, under police guard and in straitened circumstances. An impartial International Commission of Inquiry recently found him guiltless of the charges made against him by the Soviet Government, so this explanation does not seem very feasible. The second is one suggested by a Socialist Member of Parliament, that "the vast complex military and administrative departments must have been manned, in part at least, by criminals who have brought about a state of corruption, rottenness, and wholesale disorganisation." This is a possible but not very probable explanation.

The third is that the counter-revolution of 1918 has never ceased, and that a bitter war has gone on for nearly twenty years between the Soviet Government and elements opposed to its rule, a war that has been concealed by the censorship and by the vastness of the country. The fourth, and most probable explanation, is that Stalin is striving to establish an absolute personal dictatorship, and is removing in advance all possible opposition to his rule.

In the economic sphere there have been enormous developments since the Soviet was established, in the shape of mining expansion and the construction of huge plants. Yet, if the articles in the Soviet Press can be taken as a guide, anything like capitalist efficiency is still very far away. The *Saria Vostok* of November 29, 1937, complains that "there is an extraordinary scarcity of goods in the Government shops"; a letter in the *Vetchernaia Moskva* of three days earlier declares that "there are no more shoes to be had, neither made of leather nor of other material, and there is no linen either." *Industria* of November 27 says that "the smelting plant of the Krasnouralsk copper mines is operating in a very indifferent manner," while *Pravda* of December 27 asks: "Does the Commissariat for the forestry industry intend to restore any order in the paper industry? . . . Our paper industry is going on the rocks." These are typical of hundreds of complaints concerning almost every industry.

The same and many other papers complain continually about the workers' living and working conditions. "The quality of food is below every description"; "We are compelled to work in a cellar. Attached to one of the walls there is a leaking pipe going to one of the sewers"; "There is no drinking water or lavatories"; "Numerous infringements are made daily in the rules concerning the safety and protection of the workers." Thus writes the Soviet Press in the past few weeks. If Russian industry was as efficient, and living conditions as good as some of the advocates of Sovietism would have us believe these complaints would not exist.

Politically, the history of Soviet Russia has many striking similarities with that of the French Revolution. Both in France and Russia the Revolution was at first "constitutional" in character, and in both the moderates were overthrown by the extremists. In both countries equality soon went by the board, and the Commissar and his bejewelled wife in a Moscow hotel are poles apart from the miner in the Donetz.

In France there was established a Temple of Reason, while Russia has a State-subsidised League of the Godless. There is a parallel between the September massacres in France and the first Terror in Russia and another between the terror of 1794 that followed Thermidor and Stalin's most recent "purge." In both countries "revolutionary justice" was of the same swift order, though the bullet has replaced the knife. The French Revolution moved to its climax, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, when Napoleon overthrew the Directory and paved the way for the empire. Does Stalin fear or look forward to a Russian Brumaire? Does he seek to fulfil the role of a Napoleon, removing first all possible competitors?

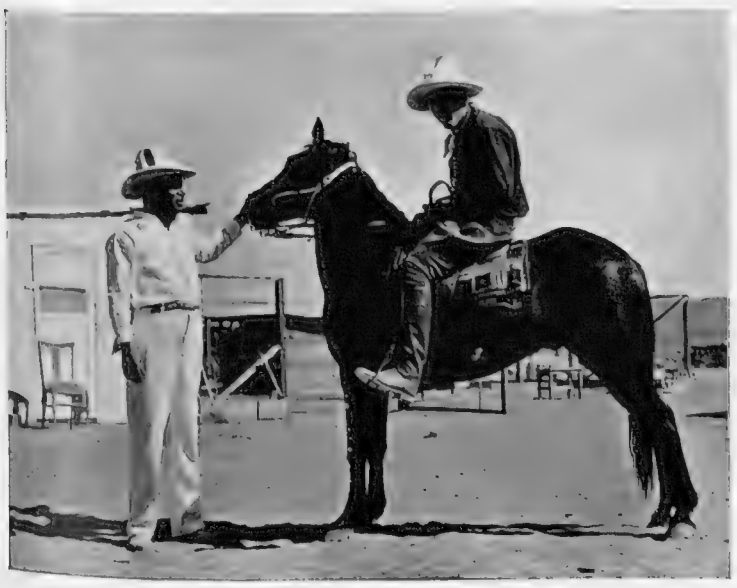
J. Baker White

NEGROES START THEIR OWN COUNTRY CLUB

New Dude Ranch Brings Los Angeles Coloured Folk Flocking to Week-end at Victorville, California

PILLARS OF THE COLOURED WORLD: Heavyweight champion Joe Louis in top boots, open neck shirt, and ten-gallon hat, chatting with gaily-shirted Leon Washington, Jun., the Los Angeles publisher, at the Dude Ranch or Country Club which has been opened at Victorville, California, to provide open-air week-ends for well-to-do members of the negro population. There is accommodation for about fifty guests and, on the occasion of Louis's visit it was taxed to the limit. The ranch has a spacious swimming pool and many other amenities

CONTRASTING GET-UP: *Left*—Mrs. Lela O. Murray, who favours a ten-gallon hat and white ducks, is the wife of the ranch manager, Ben Murray, and acts as camp photographer. *Right*—Dorothy Baker, prosperous Los Angeles hotel proprietor, relaxes in the sunshine after Sunday breakfast on the ranch. Many coloured cinema folk, performers as extras and in negro character parts in the Hollywood studios, are frequent visitors



On left—THE COW-PUNCHER: World champion Joe Louis mounted on one of the ranch's four small saddle-horses while Ben Murray, the ranch manager, stands at its head. Joe does not look too comfortable on board the pig-skin, and is rather too much of a heavyweight for his lightweight mount. He has lately been doing some film-work in Hollywood, adding a few thousand more dollars to his already formidable tally

THE SINGING TOWER OF LURAY, VIRGINIA, which has been set up by Civil War veteran Mr. T. C. Northcott as a memorial to his wife and only lately completed. The structure is built of native sandstone, is 113 ft. high, and contains forty-seven carillon bells cast at Loughborough, Leicestershire, at a cost of £10,000. Over £30,000 has been expended on the work, and a further £12,000 has been allocated as a maintenance endowment

ANTON BREES, the noted Flemish carillonneur, with his sixteen months old son, Antonio, at the keyboard of the Singing Tower of Luray, Virginia, where he recently gave a special series of recitals on the new carillon of forty-seven bells

NINETY-THREE-YEAR-OLD T. C. NORTHCOTT, a veteran of the Civil War and the owner of the famous stalactitic caves at Luray, who, with the help of his daughter, has financed the building of the Singing Tower

THE 129TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not pass by without the usual celebrations in the United States and many went to see the New York production of *Prologue to Glory*, the story of Lincoln's romance with Ann Rutledge. Playing the lead is the great-grand-niece of Ann, who bears the same name, and who is depicted *on left* standing before a statue of the President. *Right*—Mr. D. A. Latimer, who has a striking likeness to Lincoln, cutting the cake at the Lincoln Birthday Party at the Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City, at which he was the guest of honour

ENGLISH BELLS RING OUT IN VIRGINIA

A Great-grand-niece of Lincoln's Sweetheart on the Stage

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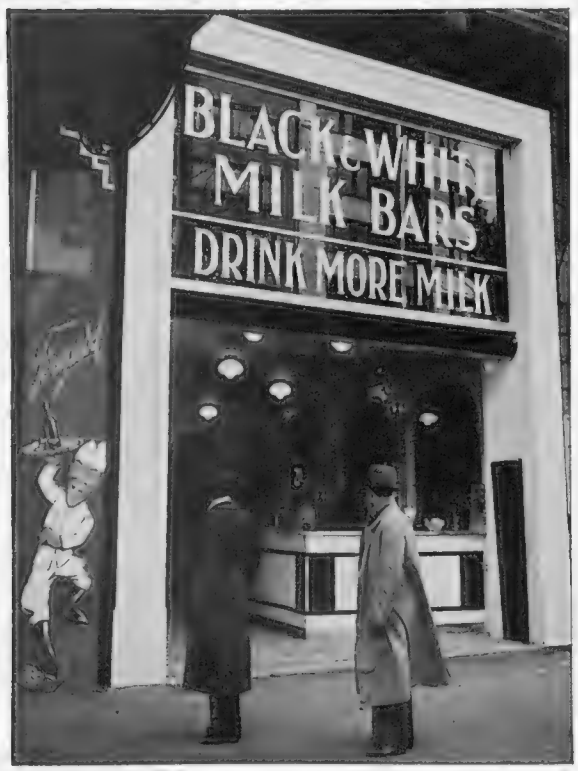
THE FRENCH MONTAGU NORMAN: M. Pierre Fournier who in July of last year, when plans were put on foot to consolidate the much-straitened national finances, was appointed Governor of the Bank of France in succession to M. Emile Labeyrie

"DANS CETTE MAISON EST NÉ LE 2 OCTOBRE, 1851, FERDINAND FOCH, MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE, GÉNÉRALISSIME DES ARMÉES DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE ET DES ARMÉES ALLIÉES" runs the inscription set above the doorway of this house at Tarbes, in the Pyrenées, which has now been elevated by a French ministerial decree to the status of an historical monument



INVASION: This is the first English milk bar to be opened on the Paris boulevards and, if the idea catches on, it will doubtless be the forerunner of many others

Through the Years with

THE MADLY FLUCTUATING FRANC

By Ferdinand Tuohy

NINETEEN years ago the franc slipped its moorings of 28 to the £; since when, there have been eighteen different exchange rates over longer or shorter periods.

Is the franc likely to stay put any length of time at its present quotation of 152–3 to the £? One hears the question debated by sterlingites, in France, reminiscently of the dizzy middle 'twenties when the franc long provided the daily titbit of conversation. There is not the same vulture-like flapping as formerly, yet how often in recent weeks on the Riviera did one overhear such remarks as, "the franc's fallen another 50 centimes," uttered with evident satisfaction.

I confess this sort of thing rather puzzles me. I would want to butt in with, "Quite. But do you realise that you are currently enjoying the second 'cheapest' franc since the war? Why not be satisfied with it? Why register pleasure at its further weakening? Do you know what that will inevitably bring, apart from more difficulties for the French? It will merely send up your hotel and other bills. You won't gain anything. You'll almost certainly be losers."

Looking back, it has been a hectic ride with the agitated franc, for all concerned, and somehow one has the idea that it was all unnecessary, could have been avoided.

My first contact with the post-war franc occurred with my arrival on the Riviera early in 1919 to spend the King's gratuity, when the rate was still as it had been all through 1914–18, 28 to the £. Odd but true, one somehow rarely felt really out of funds, even on subaltern's pay, during what our *très* Regular brethren were wont to refer to as "the campaign." One supposes there were three main reasons: we were fed and kept or drew compensating allowances, army commodities were cheap, and we had but rare opportunities to disburse (when we did, however, *disburse*). Supposedly, nobody might draw more than £5 in any one day, from the field cashier or from one of three stated banks. Yet a swift circuit of the big three could produce thrice that amount—say, on Paris leave—and no questions asked. Not that I insinuate I was ever rich enough to square the triangle.

When next I saw France, May, 1920, the franc was just lovely round 50, falling later to 68 to the £. Just lovely, in as much as domestic prices had in no way risen proportionately to the franc's fall. Example: a favourite luncheon rendezvous would be the Café de Paris where, for 5s. or 6s. one could lord it on a menu of pâté-de-foie, asparagus, Brie, half a Lanson '11, then in great trim. An attendant attractive feature was that neither you nor anybody else had the faintest idea why the franc had fallen.

And that remark halts one. How many times, since, has one heard Frenchmen lament: "To allow the franc to slip in the first instance, that was the tragic error!" Why was it allowed to slip? Cost of the war? But others had stupendous bills also, yet maintained their currencies. The necessity of at once rebuilding the ten devastated departments, for which Germany was to pay? But Germany poured in gold for a longish while and, anyway, the devastated regions afforded the greatest ramp since Panama: Frenchmen by the thousands made fortunes out of them. One cannot quite see why that should have crashed the franc. Speculation? Perhaps here we approach nearer fact and Frenchmen will pardon me for mentioning, with Gallic desire for truth, that they have all along been in the van of speculation, manipulation where their franc has been concerned. Hereabouts, approximately £700,000,000 (at current rate) are reputed to be tucked away abroad.

Towards the close of 1921 I returned to Paris from a year in New York, to find the franc hardened to 61 to the £. Briand was in power and we, the victors, had lately told Germany she must pay thirty trillion gold marks—or was it forty? Was that perchance—the assinine hope thereby engendered—what did the hardening? However, 'tis not my purpose to deal with the cause of all the franc fluctuation as much as with the effect of it. In the nineteen years since that gratuity, and concurrently with the eighteen different franc rates, there have certainly been as many different Finance Ministers, each with an entirely new programme for the Defence of the Franc. Obviously I can't go into the rise and fall of two dozen Ministries though precisely it was this rise and fall that mainly affected the rate of the franc.

Opening criticism of the foreigner in connection with the "receding" franc, one associates with 1922. If the £ had strengthened to 75, the unattached dollar was more devastating still, and swarming Americans profited. A sustained and ostentatious whoopee struck Paris whose citizens decided that they had been done down by the Anglo-Saxon gold countries. At one and the same time, £ and dollar spenders were wanted and looked askance at. The Frenchman was being touched on his perennially most vulnerable spot. He had money himself, simply did not wish to shell it out, or join in such barbarous pleasure round. So he sullenly contemplated others who spent freely.

The franc became a permanent topic. I was told to rope in M. Caillaux to explain its acrobatics, and how interesting was that visit to the then execrated semi-exile, in the Sarthe. Fresh from his acquittal on a high treason charge, yet if he wished to go anywhere, he had to ask permission of the police. The bigger towns were barred him, and he would have to describe fantastic circles to get from place to place.

That day one studied walls hung with portraits of France's greatest financiers of the past, Baron Louis in place of honour. The greatest of them all, said my host, himself the youngest Finance Minister on record, at the age of thirty-two, under Waldeck-Rousseau. M. Caillaux was paid in sterling, and how snappily would he come through if his cheque did not mature each Tuesday. *Un vrai financier.*

1923 was the year of the Ruhr, when Poincaré's adventure was to restore French economy and finances. In that year the franc fell to 86 to the £, and in 1924 to 120. It is often overlooked that if the little Lorrainer "saved" the franc in 1926—*if*—his Ruhr policy was first largely instrumental in grievously pulling it down.

Things were now quite uncomfortable. Our opposition to the Ruhr piled on to the soaring £. Frenchmen got worked up. Press campaigns accused *les Anglo-Saxons* of greedily, monstrously ruining the French currency, of bringing ruin to the "little savers", backbone of France. Of course, when the franc would fall, and prices go up, those who lived on their "economies", big and small, the ubiquitous army of French *rentiers*, were the first to take a knock. Yet were the French justified in their sweeping indictment of *les étrangers*? For one thing, were they not themselves gambling like old Harry on the franc?

Were the French even really hurt at this stage? I think not. The country was still in the post-war boom and packed with foreigners spending up to £100,000,000 a year. Never was there such building and all-round "development" as in the middle and later 'twenties. I know, since those years saw me withdrawn from Paris to the provinces. Here one was able to study the peasant, real backbone, then counting 51 per cent. of the population but since reduced in number. The peasants didn't give a hoot for the rate of exchange. Unlike urbanites who constantly envisaged the franc in terms of foreign currency, as long as the peasants satisfied their wants, the Bourse could have a grave crisis twice daily. All the peasants knew was that if the cost of things they had to buy augmented, then would they augment the selling price of their produce.

Yet the peasants were hostile enough through absorbing those Press campaigns. They looked on us as leech-like parasites. Once, when in a Pyrenean hamlet we objected to paying 30 francs for a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, the Mayor himself came out, sashed with the Tricolor, and what he bawled about Anglo-Saxons caused us blushingly to pick up our rucksacks and swiftly hop it.

In 1925, when the franc fell to 135 to the £ owing to manipulation, the idea being to shove Herriot out of office, the atmosphere grew to be so electric that one took a vow never to be drawn into any chat about the franc, in any circumstances. In cafés strangers would challenge: "*Et la livre stairlin?*" "Oh, blank the livre sterling!" one longed to shout back, but we held our peace, for nothing that we could say but would have provoked raucous merriment. Perhaps even a scrap. In point of fact we should far have preferred the franc to have been less rocky, and our gipsying of the country rendered more pleasant in consequence. There were always two kinds of foreigner *vis-à-vis* the franc. That horrible sight of the genuine battener forever with centime fractions on his (and her) lips; and those who were not conspicuously interested unless some startling alteration in the rate made them either temporary paupers or millionaires.

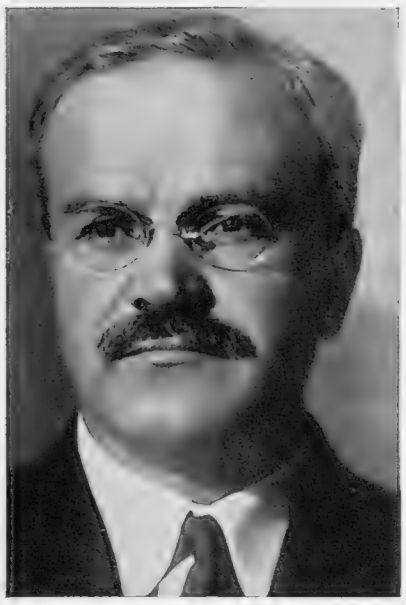
The truth is that the French are the least suited of peoples to tackle an unstabilised currency. Their unbending individualism just tugs the latter in all directions. Once prices rose, in France, they never again came down. Wholesalers might reduce prices on being able to acquire foreign raw materials more advantageously on a revived franc; such reduction never reached the consumer, being collared low *en route* by middle men and retailers. The whole

(*Continued on page 438*)

WHO WAS WHO *and* WHO IS WHO *in* THE U.S.S.R.

Old Leaders Indicted in Moscow Trial, and New Leaders in the Cabinet

CHARGED WITH TREASON: Three of the twenty-one former Bolshevik leaders who were last week indicted for conspiring with Trotsky against the State, this being the third of the big Moscow trials staged by Stalin. *Left*—Ivanoff, who was Commissar for the Timber Industry. *Centre*—Rakovsky, the first head of the Revolutionary Government in the Ukraine and Ambassador successively in London and Paris. *Right*—Rykoff, who was Lenin's successor as President of the Council of People's Commissars. The charges were of a most sensational nature, and some of the men were accused of spying on behalf of foreign Powers



LEADERS OF RUSSIA UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION: Four members of the cabinet of twenty-nine which, with the title of the Council of People's Commissars, is now in charge of the reconstituted Government of the U.S.S.R. *Left*—Alexei Nazaroff, Minister of Fine Arts. *Left centre*—Mikhail Kaganovitch, Minister of Defence Industry. *Right centre*—Nikolai Rychkoff, Minister of Justice. *Right*—Vlacheslav Molotov, Prime Minister. Of these four Molotov is the only one with an international reputation. He was born forty-eight years ago in Viatka, becoming a Communist in 1906 and thereafter suffering frequent exile for his political beliefs. When the Revolution came in 1917 he was a member of the war tribunal set up in Petrograd, and he was promoted to the All Russian Central Executive in 1927

MOSCOW LIKES DICKENS: Mrs. Bardell in the box in the Soviet stage version of the Bardell versus Pickwick trial; a play that has been drawing enthusiastic audiences to the Moscow Art Theatre for a long while. If the show is on the usual Soviet lines, one imagines the dialogue has been skilfully injected with Red propaganda

A GALA DAY IN SINGAPORE: A 6-metre yacht racing in the harbour, with the Fullerton Building in the background, during the New Year sea sports, an eagerly awaited annual event. "This regatta is quite an institution in this part of the world," writes a correspondent in Malaya, "and it must be unique in the number of different classes of sailing and rowing craft which compete. The majority of them are local native types, many of them gathering for the occasion from the islands of the Dutch East Indies and from even farther afield. The races are open to all nationalities, but Malays, Bugis, and Javanese seem to predominate; these peoples are natural sailors and good sportsmen, and the keenness and excitement which they show is good to see. With the fresh, north-easterly breeze and the bright, morning sunshine which are typical of Singapore at this time of the year, the hundreds of sailing craft, the dressed ships in the harbour, and the bright costumes of the people both ashore and afloat, combine to make a really wonderful sight. The enthusiasm of the competitors is infectious, and the amusing incidents that punctuate the day undoubtedly help to make this one of the most interesting and entertaining regattas to be seen anywhere in the world"

OASIS IN

SINGAPORE Island, suddenly precipitated on the international, political, and military stage by the formal opening of the naval base, is one of man's last Gardens of Eden in this troubled world, and well do the residents, white, yellow, and brown, realise the fact. Life is very agreeable here. There is no income tax, and all save a very few commodities such as tobacco and alcohol, are admitted duty free.

Salaries of Europeans are double or treble those available to the same category of employé at home. Chinese can earn better wages than they could dream of in China, and live in security under British protection, the majority holding or eligible for British passports. Indians, released from the fear of famine, drought, or flood —almost annual catastrophes in their own land—flourish as prosperous merchants or as workers on rubber estates.

The native Malay is equally favoured with a full share of the amenities of civilisation and prosperity. Singapore itself is the healthiest port in the East, free from the epidemics of smallpox, typhoid, cholera, and other diseases which periodically ravage the coastal cities from Bombay to Shanghai. The water supply is so pure that even the unacclimatised can safely drink it from the tap.

Singapore is a woman's paradise. There is a surplus European male population of 74 per cent. Western women have an *embarras de choix* of beaux, escorts, and entertainment. In the case of the Chinese, the ratio is 162 men to every 100 women; Indians 187 to every 100; Malay 104 to 100; and amongst the other races, it is 173 to 100. Infant girls, of so little account in China and some other Eastern countries, thus become assets to be treasured. Malay women, in brightly-coloured sarongs, with a flower in their hair, appear anything but oppressed or suppressed.

Although only seventy-three miles from the equator, the climate is not only bearable to the European, but healthy, confirmed by the number who have been resident for the best part of their working lives. Almost every sport is available, from big game shooting to yachting, golf, and private flying. Singapore civil airport is a monument to human achievement. A big hill some four miles away was demolished load by load, to fill in a water-logged swamp, which is now the site of a magnificent aerodrome, big enough for the landing run and take-off of the fastest and heaviest transport and military aircraft. More than that, the constructor anticipated the future sufficiently to make due allowance for further increase of speed in the next years.

The airport building itself surpasses all that I have seen in Europe and America, and I can safely say that I have seen all the main ones, and a few hundreds beside. The business-like and clean exterior contains a gem of artistic planning, design, and workmanship inside. I was told that the designer actually visited all the fine airports of Europe and the United States, took ideas from the best of them, then set about to embellish what is little less than a shrine to civil aviation. The asphalted roads through the whole of Malaya are amongst the finest I have seen in any part of the world.

Small wonder then, that I found the inhabitants of this Isle of the Blest contemplating the searchlight of world interest and publicity upon their lives and domain with some misgiving. Or that there is a certain lack of enthusiasm at the honour of having the great naval base in their back gardens, so to say. Following swiftly-developing events in the Pacific, Singapore may well become the White Man's Last Stand between East and West, and is to-day already a mirage of reassurance not only to Britons at home, but also to several other European nations.

A short while back so little known to any except travellers, to-day pictured and publicised in the world Press, Singapore, the "Lion City" is fast losing its glamour and lure as one of the most wicked exotic seaports on earth. People are finding out that it is not.

Living spaciously and easily, in a way which Europe has forgotten since the war, and out of which old timers in Egypt, India and China are being rapidly hustled or evicted, I can understand that the Singapore islanders would be glad to forget the world and its worries, if the world would forget them, their untaxed incomes, their necessarily shorter working hours, their palm-fringed beaches, airy houses, green islands, sombre sub-tropical vegetation, or the colours of the flamboyant trees, bourgainvilleas, canna lilies, hibiscus and wild orchids, their plentiful and willing servants.

The fact is, that Singapore residents commercial and private, are much less concerned about the war in China, and what it would mean to them militarily than, in the first case, how all this pother in the near vicinity may eventually prejudice their successful and not-too-strenuous money-making; and in the second case, how soon and how uncomfortably they are going to be drawn into step with the rest of the madly rushing world.

MAKING THE MOST OF THE WIND: A Bugis boat, with its home-made sails, pictured in action in Singapore harbour during the New Year regatta. Craft of this type are now used for carrying small quantities of general cargo, but before the construction of the causeway linking Singapore island with the Malayan mainland they were largely employed in bringing the pineapple crop from Johore

THRILLS IN PLENTY: Coloured spectators lining Collyer Quay in front of the Fullerton Building to watch the aquatic sports that are always an entertaining feature of Singapore's New Year regatta. Swimming races, under-water endurance tests, Koleh tilting, a tub race, and, last but not least, the greasy boom provide an afternoon of excitement which never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of the crowds. Substantial prizes are awarded for each event

A Troubled World

What Life is Like in Singapore

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

Singapore Island is about as big as the Isle of Wight. From heights on the west, I looked over a glassy sea, dotted with green islands. True, each sizeable island is a little fort in itself, heavily defended with concealed killing devices. But man is cunning and nature is kind, so between the two, the apparently innocent scene equals any in the languorous South Seas.

The island is only 27 miles by 14 miles, but contains a sample of everything the romantic mind expects to find so near the equator. Palms, suggestion of jungle, pineapple plantations, swamps, picturesque kampongs (native villages)

Above—NATIVE OARSMEN GATHER TO SHOW THEIR PROWESS: A Prahu Payang (typical fishing boat from the eastern coast of Malaya) waiting at the starting line before a race for this class of craft at Singapore regatta. The boats are extremely picturesque, invariably being painted in bright colours, sky-blue and red predominating

with their wooden houses on stilts, rubber trees dripping the precious substance into little cups fastened to the bark; Chinese, Malays, Japanese and Indians at home in their own style houses, or animating the streets and walks with their gaily-hued national dress.

Of the 603,000 inhabitants of the island, 490,155 live in the city of Singapore. Chinese are the most numerous with 347,117 population. Next come the Indians with 47,402, then the Malaysians with 45,077. Of Europeans there are only 8,338, while the Eurasians and Japanese follow with 7,151 and 3,695 respectively.

As can be imagined the babel of languages is amazing, for even the Chinese coming from different parts of China do not necessarily speak the same Chinese language. People are apt to overlook the fact that China is a vast continent with as many races, customs, and languages as old Europe. Two of the most charming I met in Singapore, wealthy educated husband and wife, could only converse with one another in English because she came from Shanghai and he came from Amoy.

The same applies to the Indians, who speak mostly Telegu, Malayalam, or Tamil. Then there are the representatives of innumerable other Malaysian races, speaking Javanese, Celebese, Sundanese, Boyanese, etc.—languages which have as little in common as most European languages. Although English is the official language of Singapore, and you can get quite a long way with a pidgin-English, combining words and phrases of anything from a dozen to fifteen different forms of human verbal expression, less than 12 per cent. of the Asiatic population is literate in English.

WOMEN OF SINGAPORE: *Left*—A Malay, cheroot in mouth, on the way to market with her basket on her head. *Right*—A Chinese amah leading her mistress's collie into the judging ring at the annual dog show. The amahs are faithful and intelligent servants

But education is spreading, and literacy in the various vernaculars increasing. I was surprised at the fair English of servants, taxi-drivers, and public employés. Police who know enough English to guide the visitor wear a special, easily recognisable insignia.

I must hasten to assure the tax-ridden Britisher at home, and other less indulgent Dominions and Colonies, that income-tax-free Malay contributes richly and generously to the Crown, partly in the form of offering a sort of tribute towards Empire Defence, so that it works out all the same in the long run.

I asked a number of commercial employers about the reputed high salaries of Europeans, and, while they naturally varied in detail, I gathered that a young man fresh from home would start at about 400 Straits dollars a month, the Straits dollar now being valued at 2s. 4d. English money and 58 cents American money. Between the age of twenty and thirty a man can reasonably expect to earn 450 to 530 Straits dollars a month. After thirty he can look for 600 Straits dollars and upwards if he is worthy of his hire. A capable European girl clerk or stenographer may claim anything from 150 to 250 Straits dollars a month.

Living is not high where nature is so bountiful, but rents are fairly high because of the demand for housing owing to the influx of army and air officers connected with the new base and fortress. Naturally, the expense of heating is eliminated, and gas, electric light, water, and other municipal charges are moderate. The item for clothing in this climate is far less than in Europe or America. Everybody wears white all the year round, and laundry for this is negligible. The wash-amah of the household does all the washing, ironing, and mending.

Servants, of whom one maintains any number from two to six, eight or ten, cost 15, 25 to 30 Straits dollars a month, with everything found, except, theoretically, their food, which they are supposed to find for themselves. But few protest if they eke out some of the household supplies to their own advantage. An automobile is a necessary luxury in most cases, and while the tax is not high—and here, American readers please note that we in England pay a horse-power tax of about 4 American dollars per horse-power per annum!—the cost of petrol is. I found that the average motor road and driving tax runs around 42 Straits dollars a year, but the petrol costs about 1s. 10d. English money, or 42 American cents a gallon. This is surprising when one considers that the Burma, Borneo, and Sumatra oilfields are so near.

Local food products are reasonable, and a trained native cook is hard to surpass. There is little domestic worry for the lady of the house, and still less to do—even if she has a family. But curiously enough, though perhaps it is the fault of the climate, little intellectual or artistic life interests the residents' leisure hours in this small Eden. Recreation mainly takes the form of visiting the movies, swimming, riding and other sports, dancing, bridge, cocktail and dinner parties, and forgatherings on the famous terraces and lounges of the three big hotels, the Raffles, the Sea View and the Adelphi, to meet friends and to see the transients from the passing steamers. I do not believe that a day passes without arrivals and departures from all parts of the world, or bound for the world's end. To me, that is the chief and quite the most thrilling lure of this veritable cross-roads of the seven oceans.

THE CHINESE SECRETARIAT, a handsome building where all business relating to the Chinese community in Singapore is transacted

THE PRICE OF NATIONAL SERVICES: Education, the Dole, and the Army, form the theme of these newspaper cuttings relative to the enormous costs that nowadays have to be borne by the acquiescent British taxpayer

THE NEW ACTIVE SERVICE KIT FOR THE MECHANISED FORCES, featuring the deerstalker cap, is worn by the man on the right and contrasted on left with the present type of uniform. It also includes a tunic, and the trousers, instead of being baggy, are held in by half-gaiters. *Below*—A back view of the contrasting outfits

WHAT OF THE COMING BUDGET?

The Cost of Social Services, One of the Taxpayer's Mightiest Burdens: How the Highest Contributors Usually Receive the Smallest Direct Benefit

By J. BAKER WHITE

AT the end of last year the latest figures of the cost of the public social services were published, and while as a record of social progress they are impressive, from the economic point of view they are disturbing. The table (printed below) tells the full story. It shows that whereas in 1910, a year of unexcelled prosperity, we spent £62,817,000 on social services, in 1935, a year in which we were recovering from the most severe slump in industrial history, we spent £503,783,000, thus creating a new high record. The truth be told, it is probably, on the basis of per head of the population, a record for the whole world. Unfortunately the complete figures for 1936 are not yet available, but there is no reason to suppose that in spite of decreased expenditure on unemployment benefit resulting from better trade the cost will be below £500,000,000 for the year.

The table shows how the money is spent, but it is not possible in the space available to show in detail how it is collected. I have made calculations from the official figures and they show that of the £503,000,000 no less than £394,000,000, or approximately 78 per cent. of the total sum, is found by the taxpayers and ratepayers and by employers' contributions to unemployment and national health insurance. The number of people who benefit from unemployment insurance is over 12,500,000; from national health insurance 19,000,000; from widows' and orphans' pensions over 2,000,000; from old age pensions nearly 3,000,000; from the Education Acts nearly 8,000,000 and from Poor Relief 1,800,000.

It is not unnatural to ask what benefit those who contribute over three-quarters of the money to pay for these services get from them. The answer is that the vast majority of them get very little direct benefit, but they do get an indirect benefit in that they are part of a community that is better housed, far healthier, and more long-lived than it was before the social services were developed on their present scale. If they are employers of labour their workpeople lose less time through sickness, are happier and more contented, and generally speaking better educated. Yet the inescapable fact remains that the individual who writes the cheque for the Commissioners of Inland Revenue or the Rates Collector receives in most cases no direct return for his money in the shape of one or other of the social services.

It is obvious that the majority of those who actually pay Income Tax are not eligible for unemployment or national health insurance, widows' or old age pensions; do not get the benefit of a low-rented house under one or another of the Housing Acts; are not likely to apply for Poor Relief or to desire to send their children to a State-controlled school.

It may be argued that the taxpayer gets services in the shape of defence from aggression by the Army, Navy, and Air Force, defence from criminals through the police force, as well as such amenities as refuse collection, street lighting and cleansing, main drainage and other things. This is perfectly true, but he has to pay for them and they do not come within the scope of the social services. There does seem to be a very real danger that with the increased cost of rearmament it will be impossible for the taxpayer to bear any greater burden of contribution to the social services, and as Lord Amulree very aptly pointed out recently, the growth of the social services is becoming a threat to initiative in trade and industry.

The main question for 1938 and future years is what can we afford and how much further can the direct taxpayer be generous in providing services and amenities for those on a lower earning scale. Few income tax or supertax payers would desire to see a reduction in the social services, but a line must be drawn between necessary and not so necessary expenditure. For example, can we afford at the moment increased salaries for married teachers and the fitting of wireless and film apparatus in schools? After all, there comes a time when the burden of taxation has the effect of making it difficult for the payer to make provision for the proper education of his own family, and there are even definite indications that taxation and the decline in the middle-class birth rate are connected factors.

As a nation we probably pay our taxes more readily and more willingly than any other, and the amounts raised annually by voluntary contributions for hospitals and charities are impressively large. In short, the British people have a highly developed social conscience, but we have now reached the stage at which those who provide so much for the services from which they receive no direct benefit have a right to ask whether future expenditure and consequent heavier taxation may not have the effect of jeopardising the future of their own families.

Another point was recently made by Lord Kenilworth in the House of Lords, and it is particularly important at the present time when there is so much talk about the rising cost of living. He emphasised that the social services represent an important indirect contribution to the resources of millions of wage-earners and their families. It is difficult to fix any definite figure per family because they vary in size and age, but it is obvious that the great increase in social services in recent years must be considered as a factor in establishing the new cost of living index upon which the Ministry of Labour is at present working.

To-day the industrial workers of Britain and their dependents come within the scope of one service or another from the cradle to the grave. The occupied population of Britain to-day totals not fewer than 22,000,000. More than £500,000,000 a year is being spent on the mental and physical improvement of themselves and their families, but they are called upon to contribute less than a quarter of the cost.

TOTAL EXPENDITURE on SOCIAL SERVICES in ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and WALES

A Rise from £36,000,000 in 1900 To £500,000,000 in 1935: Figures that Probably constitute a World Record

SERVICE	1900	1910	1920	1930	1935
	£	£	£	£	£
Unemployment Insurance Acts					
Unemployment Benefit, General Scheme	—	—	10,768,000	81,278,000	52,111,000
Unemployment allowances and transitional payments	—	—	—	20,316,000	46,855,000
National Health Insurance Acts	—	—	29,857,000	38,604,000	38,344,000
Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Acts	—	—	—	34,607,000	44,628,000
Old Age Pensions Acts	—	7,360,000	20,750,000	37,520,000	43,774,000
War Pensions Acts and Ministry of Pensions Acts	—	—	100,949,000	49,205,000	40,450,000
Education Acts	19,544,000	33,489,000	88,788,000	104,171,000	111,748,000
Acts relating to Approved Schools	507,000	582,000	1,486,000	660,000	679,000
Public Health Acts so far as they relate to:—					
Hospitals and Treatment of Disease	1,571,000	2,231,000	8,555,000	10,545,000	14,629,000
Maternity and Child Welfare Work	—	—	2,099,000	3,168,000	3,590,000
Housing Acts	544,000	828,000	4,693,000	39,995,000	48,157,000
Acts relating to the Relief of the Poor	12,385,000	16,158,000	34,260,000	42,496,000	51,819,000
Lunacy and Mental Treatment Acts and Mental Deficiency Acts	1,459,000	2,109,000	4,429,000	5,762,000	6,929,000
TOTALS	36,010,000	62,817,000	306,634,000	468,327,000	503,783,000

THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR

SIDELIGHTS *on the* BITTER CAMPAIGN

PERILS OF THE BROAD HIGHWAY: A "dud" shell embedded in the main road from Shanghai to Nanking. *Below*—Japanese soldiers playing football during an off duty period behind the lines. The Japanese soldier is a great believer in keeping physically fit, and devotes a very large proportion of his spare time to sport

KEEPING THE BOMBERS AT BAY: A Chinese anti-aircraft unit in action on a hillside outside Hankow when an aerial attack on the city was being anticipated. *On right*—In order to commemorate the victory in Shanghai the Japanese Commander-in-Chief has given orders that this station building, which was for long the centre of bitter fighting and was severely damaged in the struggle, shall remain in perpetuity, or rather as long as it is able to stand, exactly as it was after the last shot was fired

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SATURDAY! A Japanese soldier enjoying his ablutions in a looted bath while another washes clothes in a tub. The men must have had plenty of time on their hands for the bath was fitted up most ingeniously with a stove to supply hot water which, *mirabile dictu*, was delivered through the appropriate tap

ALL THEY NEEDED WAS A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS: These Japanese soldiers, defending communications on the northern front, made themselves thoroughly comfortable, filling their camp with looted furniture. A nearby stream supplied them with all the water they could want for cooking purposes

THE WAR — AND FOOCHOW

A Glimpse of Life in a Chinese City Away from the Fighting Line

THE Consul's wife said "If you want to see a bit of old China—China as she used to be—come up to Foochow," so I took a coastal cargo boat from Hong Kong and, in the worst monsoon since 1930 went as far as Sharp Peak (it took me five instead of three days) and there, because the mouth of the river had been blocked, I scrambled into a small and smelly launch and, with some misgivings, found myself tuff-tuffing between the mined barrier, up to Pagoda and thence, after much questioning, to Foochow. The fact that I had been assured that the Chinese mines never explode—are made in old petrol tins and, in any case have been floating away from their moorings for months, re-assured me a little—but one cannot help wondering if the black object just ahead may not be a mine that, just to be different, WILL "go off"—it takes the boredom out of river travelling!

Here in Foochow I learned of the dignity with which the Japanese and Formosian colony had retired last September. There was no sign of fear—of undue haste. Even P.P.C. cards were left! In the deserted houses one can see the piled-up boxes all neatly stacked. The houses have not been broken into—will their owners ever return?

Nantai, the island on which the "foreigners" reside, is almost entirely composed of graveyards. Here the scenes are incredible—the stones have been removed from the graves (no attempt has been made to disguise the open vaults) and, hung on bamboo poles across the shoulders of the women, carried down the steep roads to the river, where they have been loaded on junks, and taken to Sharp Peak, to make the barrier. Even doorsteps were commandeered.

I was awakened on the first night of my visit by what I thought was machine-gun fire. I went on to my balcony, and looked down on to the city where, under a full moon, I saw the peaceful river Min winding its way through the city, out to the paddy-fields and the hills beyond. The noise, nearer at hand, was appalling. I consulted my watch, it was just after midnight. The bangs and the shouting continued. I wondered if I ought to waken my host, but a very British repugnance to 'making a fool of myself' sent me shivering back to bed. I learned at breakfast time what the commotion was—Chinese crackers, of course! There had been some talk about stopping their use while the war with the "foreign devils" was on, and the noise too reminiscent of bombardments to be pleasant, but of course it couldn't possibly be stopped. Where would our troops be without their friends' constant attempts to scare off the devils with crackers? Even in war time those "devils" which constantly haunt the Chinese are more to be feared than any flesh and blood foe.

I think one of the most pathetic sights here are the dug-outs. I should think they have been designed by someone who, during the great war, saw a picture of one. The front looks quite impressive—it is dug in the hill-side, and one can just creep in, but alas, it goes up, instead of down. The top, if inadvertently trodden upon, will collapse—I think it cannot be more than 3 ft. deep in any one place. When the air-raids came, the streets, which a moment before had been thronged with countless thousands, were cleared within five minutes—quivering with fear the people waited to be annihilated—but nothing more dangerous than pro-Japanese pamphlets were dropped.

Every morning soon after dawn one hears the sound of bugles, and the voluntary training corps gets under way. The youths are so proud of their flimsy uniforms, they hold their small slim bodies very erect, while their faces are stern with resolution.

And under all this militarism is the eternal feminine—the mother who does not want to lose her "small piecee son." Behind his uniformed back she creeps to the "foreigner's house" and says wistfully, "Missy much more better have small piecee boy, plenty cook, plenty sweep, no money for boy, him work foreign Missy." From behind the door she drags the youth who understands no English and looks wonderingly on. My hostess in rapid pidgin English gets down to the truth.

The Chinese method of conscription is amazingly fair. Every Hu (household) must send two men. The men of the family get together and draw lots—and whoever draws the "prize" goes to fight. This little mother, and many like her, I hear, could spare the older men, but her "ewe lamb" has been "drawn," so she comes to the "foreign Missy."

I thought of our own mothers and their attempts to keep their boys from the war, and realised that for women, of whatever colour, class or kind, there is no *casus belli*.

N. E.

"HOW'S THAT FOR A CHAMPION?": Admiring a young budgerigar in the bird section of the recent exhibition held in the Briset Road Institute, Eltham, London. The Institute has a membership of 1,500 men from the age of eighteen upwards, and there, for the sum of 1s. 3d. a term, they can learn a handicraft or acquire a hobby to beguile leisure hours

FINE FEATHERS: Men of the Briset Road Institute, Eltham, with their poultry, the care of which they have been taught at the Institute. About 100 different hobbies are taught

AGOG: Youngsters who visited the Briset Road Institute, Eltham, to see the exhibition staged by the adult members were particularly interested in this power-unit used for instruction

AN ELTHAM INSTITUTE WHERE MEN LEARN A HOBBY AT 1s. 3d. A TERM

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS RECALLED

A Not So Well-known Conflict Brought to Mind by Hollywood

LESSER known historic episodes have a habit these days of coming to the forefront of public discussion through the medium of the theatre or cinema. One of the latest examples on the screen is the sight of British seamen fighting against Americans and getting the worst of it in the great spectacular film, *The Buccaneer*. The battle of New Orleans there portrayed finds little or no space in our general history books. But in America this battle, which took place during the war of 1812, is well known. It came at a critical moment in the history of the United States, not long after they had become a separate nation, no longer mere colonies attached to the Mother Country. But for England this war was merely an episode in the life and death struggle which she was maintaining with Napoleon in the desperate effort to curb his all-embracing domination of Europe. Yet, in spite of this, the war of 1812, little as it may bulk in the great wars of its period, held great possibilities for disaster for both countries, and its amicable settlement was an honour shared by both.

The war had been caused by Napoleon and his deadly hatred for England who, alone among the Great Powers, had refused peace with France while under his rule. When he found he could not beat England on the sea, and that an attack on her own shores was impossible while her navy was supreme, he determined to crush her commerce and so reduce her wealth. This brought about the commercial edicts issued by Napoleon to all the nations of Europe forbidding any trade with England. England retaliated by searching every ship—all goods destined for France being regarded as contraband.

America was deeply affected by this commercial warfare. Her rising trade was checked, and she bitterly resented her ships being stopped on the high seas. Congress tried to hit back by forbidding the United States traders to buy or sell with Great Britain. This action, as so often happens, hit the American business people more than the British, and New England refused to observe the law.

But over and above the mere loss of trade, the United States Government resented the high-handed manner in which the British men-of-war searched their ships for deserters. Any man born in England was considered British whatever naturalisation papers he might have signed. As the press gang was responsible for manning the British Navy at that time many men deserted if an opportunity occurred and remained behind in an American port. These men, if found on an American boat, were removed as deserters.

There had been considerable ill-feeling before this between the United States and the Mother Country. The Americans, apparently, were surprised that they were treated as foreigners when they went trading in the British West Indies or fishing up in the Newfoundland waters. They seem to have expected the same treatment as when they were colonists under the British flag. On their part they irritated British feeling by their eager sympathy with the French revolutionaries. Tension ran high, till finally war was declared in 1812.

America might well feel alarm at the thought of facing the British navy then at the zenith of its power. Her own was very small in comparison. England was not anxious for this additional burden while carrying the weight of the war with Napoleon. She had few ships and fewer men to spare for so distant a battleground. Canada, with its long frontier was in danger, with only the Canadian militia and a few British officers to defend it. America was keen to acquire Canada but she had her own difficulties too. The first enthusiasm for the Federal Government had faded and the New England States were constantly at variance with the Southern States, hating all interference from the Central Government. Then there was the poignant question of Louisiana, that great rambling district at the mouth of the Mississippi. Spain had recently ceded it to France and therefore it was open to conquest by England, and once held by Great Britain, the Mississippi would be in alien hands and the Atlantic States prevented from spreading westward. Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States with the amiable idea that it would annoy England and increase the power of the States.

At the declaration of war the New England States refused to take part, being desirous of English goodwill, and they even considered the possibility of secession, finding it difficult to get on with the South, whose interests were in conflict with their own. They refused both men and money to the Government, and went so far as to assist the British Fleet with both food and money. Civil war seemed imminent.

(*Continued on page 438*)

INSIDE A GIANT BRITISH BOMBER : A Network of Mechanism, as Intricate as a Submarine

THE RESERVE PILOT AND RADIO OPERATOR

At Work in their Confined Quarters

THIS picture, taken in the cabin of a Handley-Page Harrow heavy bomber of No. 214 Squadron while flying over Feltwell, Norfolk, gives an interesting glimpse into the arrangement of the quarters in one of the largest machines of the Royal Air Force, revealing a network of mechanism rivalling the complicated aspect of the interior of a submarine. The radio operator is seen seated on the left with his receiving and transmitting controls placed conveniently before him, while on the right is the reserve pilot busily engaged at his navigation and chart table checking up the exact position of the plane. Space for movement is restricted by the mass of specialised control mechanism.

BY A MASTER OF THE CONVERSATION PIECE: Zoffany's picture of "The Dutton Family," showing Mr. Dutton (2nd from left) and Mrs. Dutton, with book, turning to her son, who is playing cards with his sister Jane. It has been lent by Viscount Bearsted to the Exhibition of British Painting at the Louvre, which was opened on March 4 by President Lebrun and is attracting as much interest in Paris as did the R.A. Exhibition of French Art in London a few years ago. Zoffany, although born in Ratisbon, became essentially English in artistic outlook and lived the greater part of his life in this country, his home being at Strand-on-the-Green

PARIS SEES *the* CREAM OF BRITISH ART

The Exhibition At The Louvre

A FEW years ago Londoners had the opportunity of seeing some of the greatest treasures of French art, and now the courtesy is being returned, the cream of British art, from Hogarth to John, being on view in five of the galleries at the Louvre. "The French public," writes a Times *correspondent, "approaches the exhibition with two different kinds of curiosity. First, the exhibition introduces them into the exotic world beyond the Channel—the English 'Milords' of the eighteenth century, the mysticism of Blake, the romanticism of the pre-Raphaelites. Secondly, they are seeing in France, either for the first time or after an interval of over 100 years, pictures which have exercised a great influence on French painting, notably those of Constable and Lawrence"*

"QUEEN CHARLOTTE": Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the consort of George III has been lent by the National Gallery to the Exhibition of British Painting at the Louvre. This artist has always been greatly admired in France, and Delacroix, leader of the Romanticists, was always full of his praises

"THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES OF AUSTRIA": King George has lent to the Louvre Exhibition this portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence from the famous Windsor collection which contains over thirty of Lawrence's works, many of them representing notabilities gathered at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1816

MARCHE MENTONAISE: In Menton, on the French Riviera, February is the month of the lemon harvest and, after the crop has been gathered, the harvesters, clad in their picturesque costumes, ride on donkey-back through the gaily decorated streets bearing some of the fruit with them in panniers. The fruit farmers' daughters are usually in the van of the procession, and the townsfolk, among them many English residents, always turn out in full force

JOY DAYS IN MENTON AND MAJORCA

When the Riviera Lemon Harvest is Gathered: Soller Celebrates the Repulse of the Moors

MAJORCA GOES GAY: A girl of the Balearics (*left*) and a boy (*right*) in the costumes they wear for the annual festival in the town of Soller when the people celebrate the deliverance of the place from the conquering Moors who invaded it in 1687. One of the highlights of the day is the mock fight staged in the harbour between a party of Majorcan loyalists and another group dressed up to represent the Moors and with their faces dyed

BRITAIN'S WORLD

A Record of a Visit to the Transmit

TELEVISING BALLET: A picture taken in the studios at Alexandra Palace during an interval in the presentation of *Le Lac des Cygnes* by the Vic-Wells company. It evidences the elaborate nature of the programmes that are now being given by the B.B.C., which continues to be in the van of television pioneering and is the only organisation in the world giving viewers a regular and reliable service. During the coming year roughly £250,000 will be spent on programme improvements, while from this April onwards there are to be Sunday broadcasts, an innovation that will undoubtedly please the as yet limited but enthusiastic band of set-owners and possibly bring new recruits

SOME OF THE WATER-COOLED AMPLIFIER VALVES of the sound transmitter at Alexandra Palace. *On right*—Auburn-haired Jasmine Bligh, one of the two television hostesses whose work during the past year of development has been a notable contribution to the progress of the B.B.C.'s pioneer effort

LEAD in TELEVISION

tting Headquarters at Alexandra Palace

THE RHYTHMIC GRACE OF THE DANCERS recorded during a television transmission of the Vic-Wells ballet's version of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. There are three cameras each placed at a different elevation in relation to the set, and that on the floor level moves silently round on rubber-tyred wheels so that there is no danger of its interfering with the sound effects being transmitted at the same time. The general impression on entering Alexandra Palace is much the same as that gained in a film studio, but here there is no question of re-takes to eliminate mistakes. The whole system has undergone great progress during the past year of development under Mr. Gerald Cocks, B.B.C. Director of Television

THE CONTROL GALLERY: Here the producer has before him three screens on which appear the scenes pictured by the three cameras, and it is his job to ring the changes on these so that viewers see the scene that is being presented from any one of three different angles, an expedient that lends variety to the transmission. The producer can also alter the strength of the picture, dexterously bringing out the light and shade, while, just as in a film studio, it is also in his power to modify the volume of sound. Many seeing a television programme for the first time are astonished by the wonderful clarity of the reproduction

A TRICK OF THE TRADE: These two pictures show how at the beginning of a transmission one camera is focused on a miniature proscenium in order to record the rising of the curtain. To the viewer this heightens the impression that a theatrical production is being witnessed and it is of course not possible to tell that the curtain is on an infinitely smaller scale than the scene which follows. The picture *on the right* also gives a detailed idea view of the Emitron camera on its pneumatic tyres. The operators receive their instructions through earphones linked up with the producer's gallery and their only responsibility is to see to the correct focusing. Their skill in this respect reaches a high level and very rarely are the images blurred. At the moment the television programmes from Alexandra Palace are received by 5,000 sets

A London Museum of Early Keyboard Musical

AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF THE VIRGINAL now preserved at Old Devonshire House, Bloomsbury. It is inscribed Marcus Siculus MDXXXX and together with other precursors of the the piano is made of cyprus wood. It has fine black arabesque decorations

OF ITALIAN WORKMANSHIP: Another virginal from the Old Devonshire House collection. It was made by Antonio Baffo, of Venice, in the sixteenth century

Old Devonshire House, Bloomsbury, has already been described in THE SPHERE *(December, 1937) from its architectural and historical aspects. In addition to being a gem of the domestic design of the late seventeenth century it now contains a collection of early keyboard musical instruments which is not only remarkable for its range and beauty but for the fact that all the instruments are in playing condition, and in fact concerts are held at intervals in Old Devonshire House when these pre-piano instruments are played both as solos and as accompaniment to the songs of the period.*

The following particulars are from Major Benton Fletcher, who founded the collection and is now maintaining it in working form.

FOLLOWING an almost total neglect throughout the nineteenth century, the pre-piano keyboard musical instruments began to be brought down from attics or recovered from out-buildings for examination by Mr. Hersant, in whose rabbit-hutches ravens were kept for their wing feathers—required for cutting quills to pluck the strings when fitted to the jacks of virginals, harpsichords, and spinets. To this frock-coated expert my first purchase was entrusted for repair. It was in a second-hand shop in Somerset that I discovered about thirty-five years ago a single-manual harpsichord by Longman and Broderip. Little did I dream that this instrument would eventually be heard in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and at Queen's Hall with the Royal Philharmonic Choir.

I was encouraged by reading of another harpsichord, the opinion of *The Times* critic who wrote after Bach's "Passion" was performed by a choir of 200 the words, "It was not possible to hear from the west end of the nave of Westminster Abbey more than an outline of the recitation but, oddly enough, the harpsichord sounded clearly." The instrument was a small Schudi, my second purchase.

To foster the correct rendering of early keyboard music I collected specimens of each type of instrument, some of which are pictured here. They were discovered in the most unexpected places, rarely in antique and never in

A CEDARWOOD VIRGINAL at Old Devonshire House. It is of Italian design, belonging to the early years of the sixteenth century

SHAPED LIKE A HARP LAID FLAT: A five-octave spinet (contemporary with the harpsichord) of the early years of the eighteenth century. A beautifully made instrument with fine walnut panels

VENEERED IN AMBOYNA AND WALNUT: An elegantly finished two-manual harpsichord, with 5½ octaves, five stops, three pedals, and a swell. It was made by Schudi and Broadwood in 1770 and may be said to represent the high watermark in the gradual evolution of this instrument

INSTRUMENTS: A Fine Collection of Virginals and Harpsichords at Old Devonshire House

POSSIBLY THE EARLIEST ENGLISH VIRGINAL: An early 16th-century model in oak with wrought iron fittings and the lid and front board painted with landscapes. It is more regular in shape than most virginals

A GERMAN CLAVICHORD of the second half of the seventeenth century. A box-shaped instrument that was usually placed on a table and played from a standing position. The lid is decorated with yellow stars on a blue ground

AN ITALIAN CLAVICHORD with a range of 3½ octaves. The inside of the lid is elegantly decorated in tempera, with a central oval figure representing St. Cecilia

"JACOBUS KIRKMAN, LONDINII FECIT 1777" runs the inscription on this two-manual harpsichord with five octaves and five stops. The date of the harpsichord's invention is uncertain, but it is mentioned in the rules of the Minnesinges by Eberhard Cersne in 1404

music shops. From cellars, barns, and stables they were rescued at first, but to-day it is rarely outside the London auction rooms that buyers bid for the instruments which were formerly looked upon as out of date articles desirable only for their panels of carefully selected woods.

From the sixteenth to eighteenth century keyboard instruments were either painted or fashioned by craftsmen from choice materials; they were sometimes decorated by artists of repute.

A virginal of the earliest period (illustration No. 1.) and now at Old Devonshire House, has a gilt metal "rose" worthy of a jeweller's hand. Another instrument rather later in date has a design of delicate tracery in gold upon a black ground, and carved ivory key-fronts. (No. 2.) These are Italian, but there is here another virginal (above) of oak and English, possibly the earliest example remaining, the sound-board embellished with floral subjects, the inside of the lid and drop-front painted with conversation subjects in the gay costume of Charles I.

The panel borders of embossed paper display the Tudor arms with supporters as motif. Above the keyboard is the portrait of a lady wearing a deep puritan collar. The inside of lid and front-board are painted with landscape and figures in the gay costume of Charles I. The jack-board is of later period inscribed (upside down), "Roberttus Hatley, Londinii fecit, 1664."

Holland followed Italy in the manufacture of harpsichords only to be supplanted by France and finally early in the eighteenth century by London. Buskat Schudi, and Jacobus Kirkman, rivals in their manufacture, became established in Soho, and from their workshops came beautiful harpsichords, prized in England and on the Continent as keyboard instruments rarely equalled either for tone or workmanship, by any foreign makers. Half a dozen by these makes are at Old Devonshire House.

The Emperor Frederick the Great ordered two harpsichords to be made in London and the Empress Marie Teresa one, all from Schudi. One at Old Devonshire House is contemporary.

Only the briefest description can here be given on this subject about which many volumes in several languages have been published by

(Continued on page 438)

PRECURSORS OF THE MODERN PIANO

Types of Keyboard Instruments at Old Devonshire House

Virginal. *Rectangular and box-like in shape, a jack board stretcher running diagonally across the wires is a characteristic feature.*

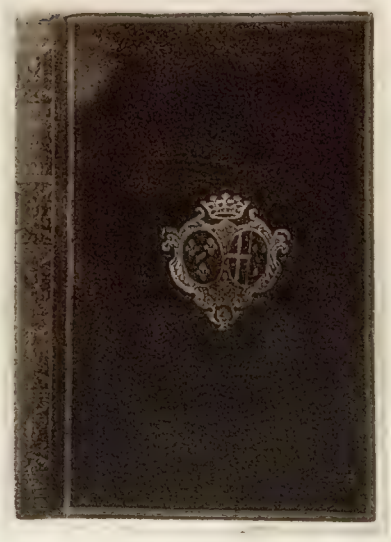
Clavichord. *Also rectangular and box-like in shape and usually placed on a table.*

Harpsichord. *The case is harp-shaped and not rectangular and has its own stand.*

Spinet. *The case is usually harp-shaped and not rectangular (many rectangular instruments which are termed spinets by their owners are really early pianos). The spinet has its own stand.*

BOOKS ONCE IN ROYAL HANDS: Gems of the Schiff Library Brought from America to be Auctioned in London

A NEEDLEWORK BINDING OF SEED PEARLS AND SILVER THREAD is the feature of this rare volume bound for Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales



THE ELEGANCE OF RED MOROCCO: This volume from the Schiff library is entitled *Les Quatres Heures de la Toilette des Dames* and bears the coat of arms of the Princess de Lamballe

THIS VOLUME WAS USED BY LOUIS XV according to an inscription within its elegant cover of olive morocco. It is entitled *L'Office de la Semaine Sainte*. Subsequently the King gave it to his tutor

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING: The red morocco cover of this book, *La Pratique des Vertus Chrétiennes*, was designed by Antoine Ruette, one of the greatest binders of his day

A GREAT American library has arrived in London to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby at a sale lasting for three days—from March 22 to 25. It is an event of great importance in the book world—no such collection having been seen in London since the Holford sale, more than ten years ago. The great feature of this library, formed by the late Mr. Mortimer Schiff of New York, is the magnificence of the bindings, representing fine craftsmanship from the time of François Premier.

But apart from the beauty and excellence of the binding, it is the fame of the original owners for whom the books were bound which adds so greatly to the value and interest of these unique volumes. An index, at the end of the splendidly produced catalogue, gives the names of nearly 200 previous owners, including Kings of England and France, Queens of France, the Duke of Monmouth, Diane de Poitiers, Madame de Pompadour, and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Henri II once owned the handsome copy of *The History of Plants* by Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, who succeeded Aristotle as teacher in Athens. This volume, bound in olive morocco over wooden boards, bears the arms of the king and the cipher and crescent moons of Diane de Poitiers, that royal favourite who was never superseded, but ruled the French Court with calm serenity till the death of the King on the tilting ground. It was published in Venice in 1497.

Louis XV used the beautifully tooled leather *L'Office de la Semaine Sainte*, imprimé par Ordre de la Reine, pour le Service de la Maison. The Queen, who had ordered this book for the use of her household, was Marie Leczinska, the Polish wife of Louis XV, who bore her husband's neglect with Christian patience.

THE ARMS AND CROWNED MONOGRAM OF HENRY II OF FRANCE and the cipher and crescents of Diane de Poitiers adorn the cover of this book

FRANCE HAS A NEW STATE THEATRE

An Outcome of the Paris International Exhibition

MODERN AND CLASSIC STYLES BLENDED: The main entrance to the new French State Theatre from the Trocadero Gardens. Towering behind is the Trocadero, re-built for the Paris Exhibition of 1937 and destined to remain there permanently

THE new Trocadero theatre in Paris, which will very shortly be opened to the public, was officially inaugurated by the President of the French Republic on the last day of the International Exhibition. Work has now almost finished on this huge State theatre, a remarkable piece of architectural engineering. It is situated directly underneath the main entrance to the new Trocadero, a very large building comprising in both of its extended wings four new museums, *Le Musée de la Sculpture Comparée, Le Musée de la Marine, Le Musée de l'Homme, Le Musée de la Photographie, du Cinema, et du Disque.*

The new State theatre is capable of seating 3,000 people. The auditorium has been so constructed that a spectator seated in any corner of the stalls or the balconies has a perfect view of the stage and whole proscenium. The great size of the stage permits the presentation of the most lavish spectacles, but its aperture can, if need be, be reduced.

Among the outstanding features of the theatre are the orchestra pit for 150 musicians and the excellent acoustics. Then there is the enormous organ, the instrument which used to be in the old Trocadero theatre and which has been completely overhauled and brought up to date. This weighs over 100 tons and is said to be the largest of its kind in existence. It is constructed on a movable raft and can be rolled forward to the very front of the stage.

Of particular significance are the excellence of the mural paintings, executed by the leading contemporary artists, and the decoration of the halls, foyers, bars, and corridors of the theatre. If one enters the building from the Champs de Mars side one is immediately confronted with three colourful frescoes painted by Vuillard, Roussel, and Bonnard. To the left and right of this entrance are two halls decorated with large panels by Charlemagne and de Waroquier. Othon Friesz and Raoul Dufy, two artists whose works are well-known in London, have executed large frescoes in the bar. But these are only a few of the many talented contemporary masters of French painting who have embellished this monumental State theatre.

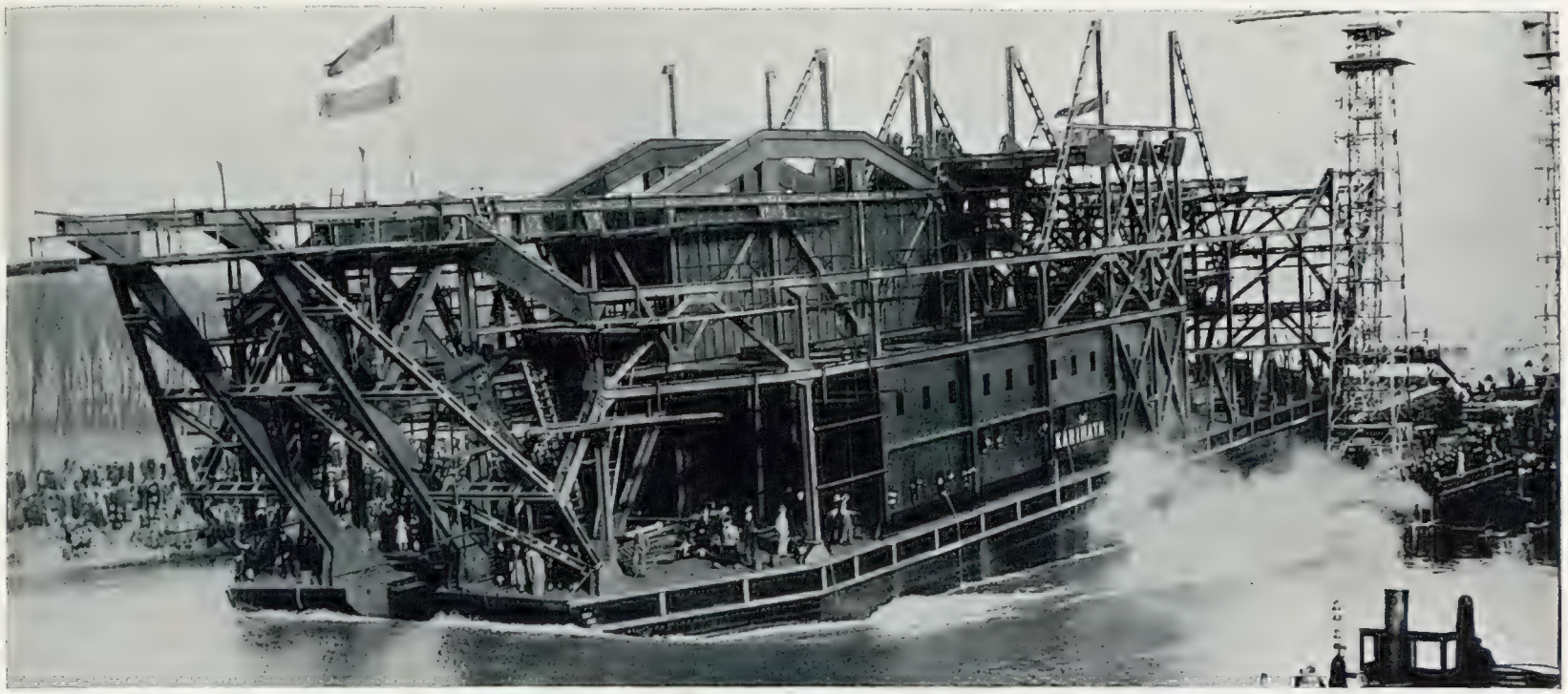
A.W.

On right—THE SPACIOUS FOYER of the new French State Theatre built beneath the Trocadero, Paris

The "Karinata," Giant Dutch Dredging Mill, takes the Water : The Progress of the New "Mauretania"

SHIPS *and the* SEA

Motor Torpedo Boat No. 102 Runs Her Trials : Testing Floating Landing Lights on the Seine



HOPING FOR BETTER LUCK: The *Karinata*, which is said to be the world's largest tin dredging mill, seen as it was launched at Kinderdijk, Holland, the great mass of steel-work sliding gently into the water from the well-greased slipway. It is destined for service in the Dutch Indies, whither it will be towed by powerful tugs, and it is to be hoped that it will have a happier fate than the 3,500-ton dredger *Kantoeng* which, it may be remembered, was caught in a severe storm off the Eddystone lighthouse in March 1937, and, owing presumably to its particularly high superstructure turned turtle. It was insured for £150,000 at £5 per cent.

WITH A NAME TO LIVE UP TO: The stern frame of the new Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania*, progress on which is well advanced at Messrs. Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard. The launching ceremony is due to take place next July when the giant hull will enter the waters of the Mersey preparatory to fitting out. This *Mauretania*, although she will be fast, is not planned as an Atlantic record breaker

A DREDGER WITH A DIFFERENCE: A picture taken aboard the S.S. *Goethals*, the new United States army dredger, as she left Brooklyn for Sandy Hook to run her trials. It will be noted she carries her suction pipe alongside, being different from the majority of dredgers which employ the chain and bucket system occupying the centre of the hull. At the end of the pipe is a drag or grid for keeping large stones from entering and damaging the pumps. The pipe can be raised and lowered in accordance with the depth of water in which it is working

A NAVAL SPEED MERCHANT: Motor torpedo boat No. 102, regarded as the fastest and most powerful craft of her type, running her trials off Portsmouth last week. She is equipped with 21-in. torpedoes, is driven by a 1000-h.p. marine engine, and can attain forty-seven knots

WHEN FLYING BOATS ALIGHT AT NIGHT: Admiral Lacroix examining with M. Couhé and M. Castex, managers of Trans-Atlantic Air-France, the new type of floating lights invented by an American engineer and designed to guide passenger seaplanes to their moorings after dark. They were tried out successfully a few days ago on the Seine at Les Mureaux

THE END DRAWS NEAR: Workmen engaged in taking down in sections one of the magnificently elaborate gilded mirrors in the ballroom at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, the fittings of which are being dismantled prior to the demolition of the whole residence. In due course a new block of buildings will rise on the site

DISMANTLING NORFOLK HOUSE: Two more pictures showing the progress of the work of removing the fittings from the famous Georgian residence which from 1752 onwards was the London house of the Dukes of Norfolk, and, as such, was the scene of many a brilliant function. *Left*—Pulling down gilded woodwork from one of the famous "monkey" doors. *Right*—A Louis XVI candelabra on the main staircase

AFTER SIXTY-TWO YEARS' ABSENCE the statue of Charles II has just been returned from a Harrow garden to Soho Square where it spent the first 200 years of its life. It has been skilfully restored

THE POOL OF LONDON'S NEW £1,000,000 WHARF, where large cargo vessels will come alongside to unload, seen in its present stage of construction. London Bridge is in the background

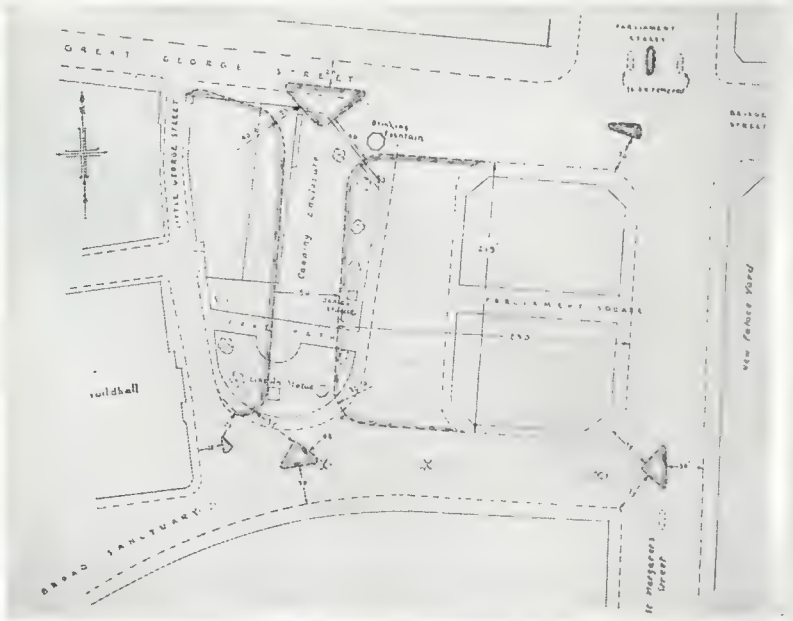
The FUTURE of PARLIAMENT SQUARE

The Latest Developments of a Much Discussed Question

PARLIAMENT SQUARE AS IT IS TO-DAY, with Westminster House (right) partly demolished. At first it was planned to erect a nine-storey block of offices there, but the Middlesex County Council, realising that this would be out of keeping and acting with commendable foresight, frustrated the scheme and has since been giving further consideration to the proposal that it would be in the interest of the nation if the whole Westminster House site could be preserved in perpetuity as an open space, thus completing the symmetry of the square

PARLIAMENT, the Ministry of Transport, the London County Council, Middlesex County Council, Westminster City Council, and the Lord Mayor's Committee, are all connected in some way with the present plans for the alteration of Parliament Square, which would make of it an impressive open space in complete symmetry, and it is to be hoped that the outcome of their discussions will not fall short of the undoubted potentialities of the situation.

Now that the Westminster House site has for the time being been preserved from building development, it only needs a little co-operation on the part of the authorities to make possible the re-planning of the Square in a manner



WHAT THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT PROPOSES TO DO: A ground plan of Parliament Square showing how it is hoped to enlarge the central island and make alterations to the roads which, in the opinion of the Ministry and of the Commissioner of Police, would do much to assist the even flow of traffic

worthy of its environment and, at the same time, calculated to give traffic greater freedom of movement.

There is no doubt, too, that the proposed memorial to the late King George V would be far more advantageously placed in the centre of Parliament Square than it would in the comparative backwater of Abingdon Street, behind Westminster Abbey, which has been chosen by the Lord Mayor's Committee.

It is assumed that the total cost of the whole plan, including road works, would be in the neighbourhood of £400,000, and it is hoped that the Ministry of Transport will contribute 60 per cent. of at least £100,000. Middlesex Council may be prepared to contribute £50,000 and application is being made to the London County Council for a contribution of £100,000 and to the Westminster City Council for a contribution of £50,000 as the site is in the heart of their historic administrative areas.

The next few weeks will, it is hoped, bring a decision in the matter.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE AS IT WILL BE when Westminster House is demolished and if the whole of the site is preserved as part of the open space after effecting the road improvements proposed by the Ministry of Transport and approved by the Commissioner of Police. The centre of the square, it is urged, would be an ideal site for a memorial to George V and the whole plan would be instrumental in revealing the partially hidden Guildhall building

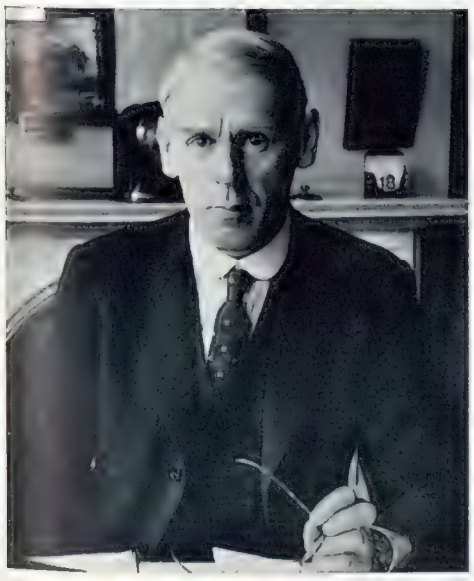
PEOPLE and POLITICS

ITALY'S AMBASSADOR EN FAMILLE: His Excellency Count Grandi, who has represented his country in London since 1932, and who has lately been engaged in paving the way for the Anglo-Italian talks, pictured at the Embassy with his wife and their two children—Franco and Simonetta

POPULAR HOSTESS. Countess Grandi whose charm and ability in the social sphere have done so much during the past five years to smooth the path of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Italy. Pictured with her is her daughter Simonetta, who is thirteen years of age

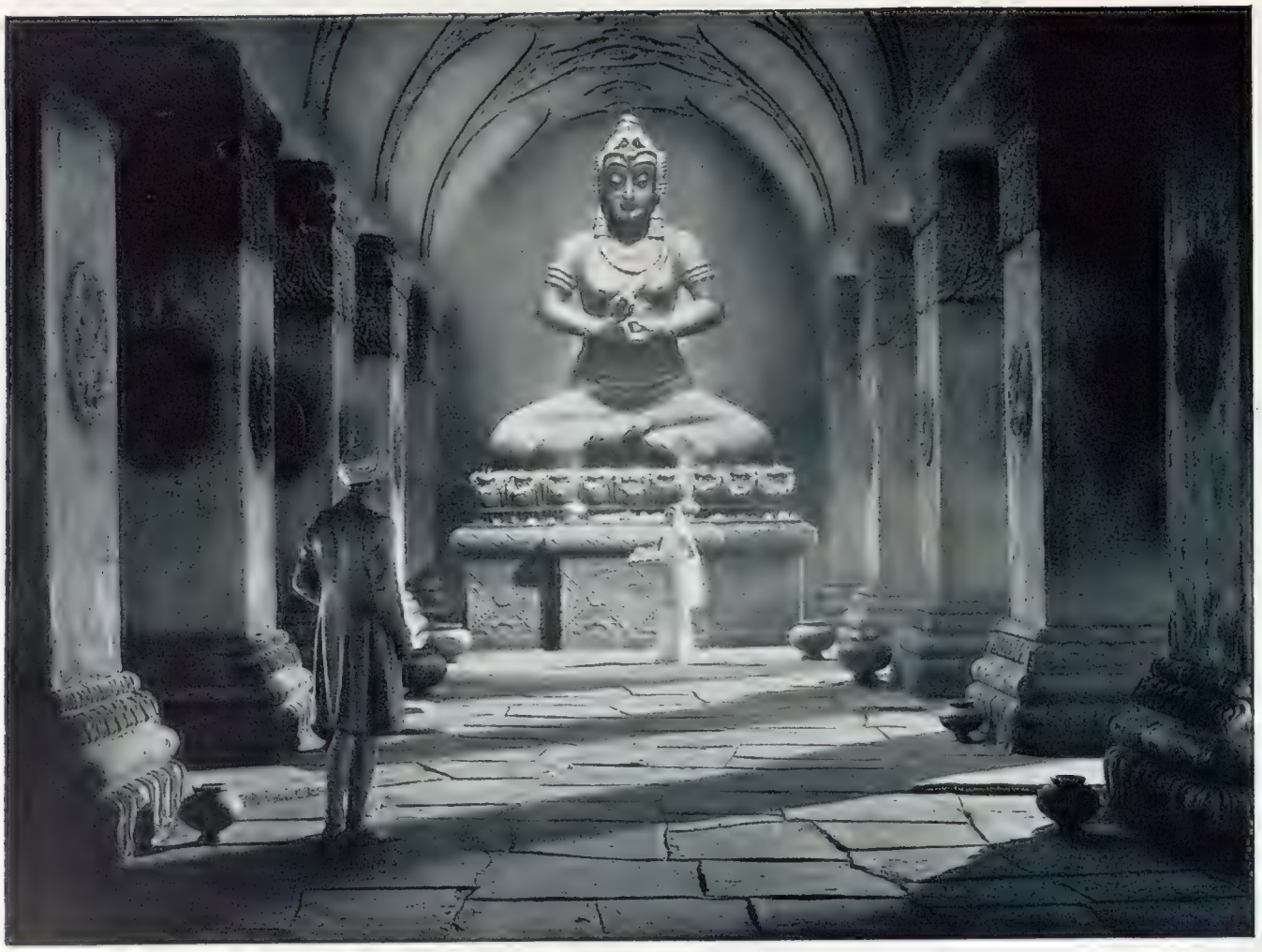
GOOD JUDGMENT: Count Grandi, who is holding a copy of *The Sphere*, posed for this picture at the Italian Embassy. He is at the moment the busiest of all the foreign diplomats in London

EXPERT ON THE ORIENT: Sir John Brenan, lately British Consul General at Shanghai who has now taken up new duties as Chief Far Eastern Adviser at the Foreign Office



BRITAIN'S NEW WEATHER CLERK, in other words the Director of the Air Ministry's Meteorological Department, is Mr. N. K. Johnson. He is also an expert on defence against chemical warfare through his experience in the Chemical Research Department of the War Office and, in time of war, his services in this direction would be invaluable

AMERICA'S NEW AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: Mr. Joseph Kennedy (wearing glasses) leaving the Foreign Office with Mr. H. V. Johnson, Counsellor at the U.S. Embassy, after an interview with Viscount Halifax. *On left*—FASHION NOTE: Yehudi Menuhin, the twenty-one year old violinist, and his pianist sister Hepzibah strolling in Hyde Park



A GERMAN FILM IN AN EASTERN SETTING: Prince Ramigani (Alexander Golling) meets the Maharaja's wife (played by La Jana) in the Temple of Kwannon and persuades her to flee to Europe from her husband's clutches. A magnificent scene from Richard Eichberg's version of *The Indian Tomb* which was recently presented in Berlin. The Indian scenes were made by permission of the Maharani of Udaipur

PRINCE RAMIGANI AND THE MAHARANA: Alexander Golling and La Jana in another scene from the German film *The Indian Tomb*. La Jana, an Indian girl who first became known as a dancer, reveals that she is an actress of marked ability

On left—PASSING OF A HEROINE: A closing scene from *The Indian Tomb*, showing the death of the Maharana (La Jana) who has been so cruelly treated by her husband. The film is notable for its settings and by all accounts makes first-class entertainment. Before the advent of the talkies it was done in a silent version with Conrad Veidt playing a leading role

DRAMA

Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon": Another Daring Move is made at Sadler's Wells: New Screen Entertainment

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL being the man of the moment among dramatists, and *Mourning Becomes Electra* the most discussed (and discussable) play in London, I was determined last week to see his *Beyond the Horizon*. In order to do this it was necessary to travel if not quite beyond the horizon, at any rate to Kew. The journey was not a fruitless one, for the "Q" Theatre, which is renowned for good plays, has seldom housed a better one than this for all its symbolism.

Now symbolism is tricky stuff to handle in a play, and in this respect the treatment is not so skilled as in the case of *Electra*. The chief representative is a young man who wishes to get away from his father's farm because of the poetry in him. This character is not so real as it might be, beautifully though it is played by Mr. Peter Glenville, who was a good actor in his undergraduate days and is so much better now that his parents, those established favourites Mr. Shaun Glenville and Miss Dorothy Ward, have reason to be proud of him. It does not ring true, not because poetry and farming are incompatible, but because the part is under-written. We have had fairly credible poetic farmers in plays inferior to this; I recall one of these in which Mr. Raymond Massey played the juicier portions of Rachmaninoff's C minor piano concerto in such intervals as he could snatch from superintending the birth of foals.

THOUSANDS FLEE TO LAKE ACROSS THE CITY: This is *Chicago*, which reconstructs the 100,000 people were rendered £40,000,000. The picture was

I do not know how many farmers wrestle with Rachmaninoff and unravel Ravel, but there is no reason why some such should not exist. *Whiteoaks* has, it may be remembered, a musical youngster among farming brothers and a mighty uncomfortable time they give him.

The business-like brother in *Beyond the Horizon*, Mr. Sebastian Shaw, is at least inoffensive; but his sister-in-law is as hard as nails and grows harder as the play progresses. Miss Olga Lindo seems to go out of her way to emphasise the hardness but I would not say that she is wrong; hers is a strong performance in a fine strong play. Miss Mary Merrall, Miss Christine Silver, and Mr. Eugene Leahy also strike the right note with something more than competence.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Gianni Schicchi"—The authorities at Sadler's Wells have made many daring moves, one of the latest being to separate those operatic Siamese twins *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* more particularly *Cav.* and *Pag*. So far from bleeding to death as the result of being severed from its brother, the former seemed to have taken on new life and vigour, and I enjoyed a most refreshing and full-blooded performance the other night.

By PHILIP PAGE

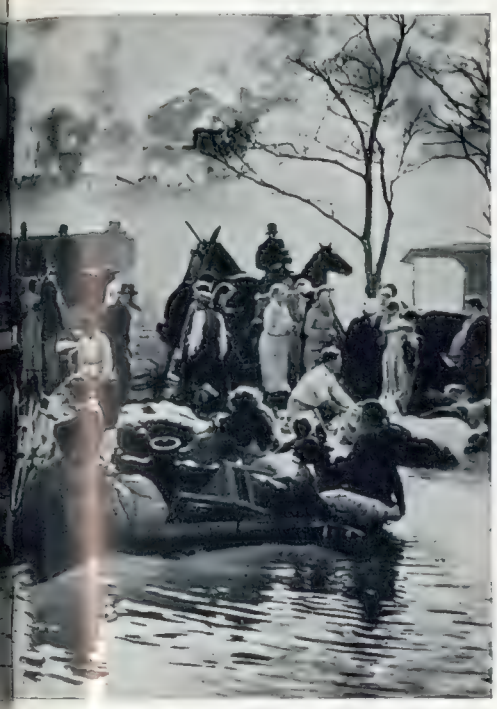
The start was poor, the serenade being sung rather flat by apparently a Turk. But when Santinzza, in the person of Miss Cecilia Wessels grew busy, all was well. She has a pleasant voice of remarkable power. Is there a possibility of seeing a British Brunhilde at Covent Garden again? Miss Wessels would be my choice. She has tragic force, too, and when she turned on the faithless Turridu she was indeed a "wessel of wrath". I can picture her giving Ziegfeld a bit of a talking to. The chorus sang magnificently and the general production showed an intelligent desire to get away from convention. Turridu for instance, is now killed in sight of the audience instead of "off" with the chorus rushing in to break the news to no one in particular.

Gianni Schicchi made an apt comparison, its amusing sophistication being an enjoyable foil to *Cavalleria* which is one of the most blatantly vulgar little operas ever written, though with some first-rate melodies of their type and all of it vastly effective. *Gianni Schicchi* is in fact the best of the Puccini triptych, even if the composer did not think so, plumping for *Suor Angelica*, now almost forgotten. Mr. Sumner Austin (who is to be congratulated on his excellent work as producer) brought out the comedy of the character Schicchi; he has hardly a rich enough voice for the part. Among the sorrowing relatives, all good, Miss Edith Coates stood out. Both operas were conducted by Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, who knows his job.

"Everybody Sing" (Film).—A few years ago an American song-writer asked "Mr. Schubert" why he didn't "finish the symphony in rag-time." Rag-time to-day is, unlike the

DARK DOINGS: Valentine Galbraith (Mary Macowan) gets in touch with the police, while the guilty lovers, Hugh Gifford (Alan Napier, left) and Judith Galbraith (Cathleen Nesbitt), wait breathlessly to hear if she is going to denounce them as murderers or pass their crime off as an accident. This is the culminating moment in *Land's End*, the play by F. L. Lucas at the Westminster

DEATH FOR ONE: Hector Galbraith (Cecil Trouncer, right) who has returned from a big-game hunting expedition and discovered his wife's unfaithfulness hands a revolver to the guilty Hugh Gifford (Alan Napier) as they prepare to fight it out. Another scene from *Land's End*, a play much in the manner of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*



MICHIGAN AS THE ALL-CONQUERING FLAMES SWEEP the climax of the Twentieth Century Fox Film, *In Old* dramatic story of the burning of Chicago in 1871, when homeless and damage to property was estimated at scheduled to start its London run at the Tivoli this week

famous Schubert symphony, finished, and has been replaced by "swing." So in *Everybody Sing* at the Empire we find Miss Judy Garland early in the proceedings singing "Swing, Mr. Mendelssohn."

Those who do not like the Victorian sugariness of Mendelssohn, from "Elijah" to the "Songs Without Words," probably consider that this amiable composer should have swung in the penal sense early in his career, "Wedding March" and all. Miss Garland refers, of course, only to mad rhythm and this is really the maddest of films, with high-life below-stairs as well as above-stairs and merry life everywhere. What it is about does not in the least matter; most people in the cast have, it seems, to pretend to be crazy—at any rate they seem to be—and Mr. Allan Jenkins as a cook and Miss Fanny Brice as a Russian are the craziest of all.

"The Big Broadcast of 1938" (Film).—

Ever since he played Micawber in a film it is the fashion to hail every film achievement by Mr. W. C. Fields as "essentially Dickensian". I happened to think that that performance was essentially un-Dickensian and that Mr. Fields, though a good comedian, resembled Mr. Micawber just as little as does Miss Gracie Fields, the point being that he obviously and consciously made Mr. Micawber a funny man whereas in fact Mr. Micawber had no sense of humour whatsoever, and that is the reason we find him so amusing.

But I digress from my subject which is the film *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, featuring Mr. Fields. He has to play a certain Mr. S. B. Bellows who, like Micawber, is a lovable nincompoop, though very small beer as a character compared with that immortal. Having very little to say that is even mildly funny and nothing at all that is witty, it is a tribute to Mr. Fields that he manages to be as diverting as he is. He plays golf on a motor-scooter and wins some laughs, but not a fraction of the number won by Mr. Harry Tate when he played golf without a motor-scooter.

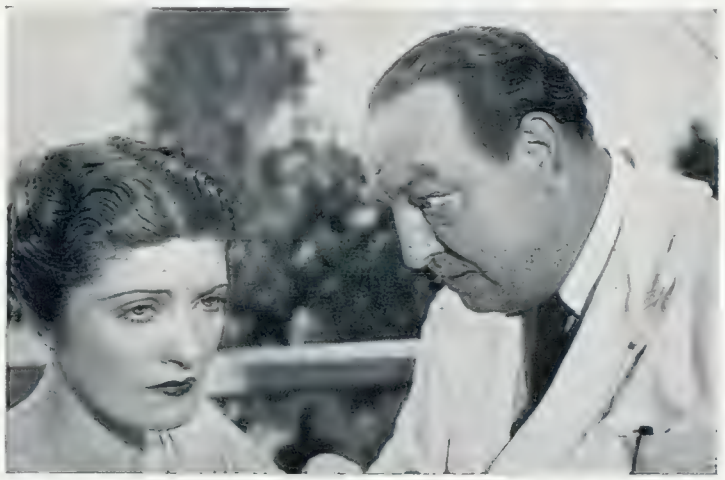
Not all of it is intended to be funny, among such items being the singing by Miss Kirsten Flagstad, the finest living Wagnerian soprano, of an excerpt from *Die Walkure*. How Miss Flagstad came to find herself in this gallery is to me inscrutable. But there is so little in the film world that is scrutable. Perhaps the "turn"—for that is what it amounted to—was inserted with the idea of extracting some fun from its sheer incongruity.

Royal Choral Society.—

The time is surely ripe for another Elgar Festival on the scale of that held at Covent Garden some years ago. This country has not so many great composers that it should hesitate to pay due tribute to a genius such as Elgar—so frequently described as the greatest English composer since Purcell (which is none the less true for being something of a *cliché*). I was delighted to find the Royal Choral Society, which always ushers in Lent with a sacred concert, holding last week a sort of Elgar festival in miniature.

The Albert Hall, all signs of the previous night's boxing cleared away, was very full and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, to whom the Elgarian style seems to be congenial, secured a well-polished yet not too affected performance of "The Dream of Gerontius."

Mr. Heddle Nash is the most versatile of tenors and is just as much at home in this particularly mystic oratorio as he is when fooling about in the comicalities of *Die Fledermaus*. Mr. Bruce Boyer has a voice of most pleasing quality and his singing would have been delightful had "The Dream" been given in, say, the Ambassadors' Theatre. In the Albert Hall he was audible; but I cannot put it higher than that.



A NEW FRENCH FILM: Marcelle Chantal (in private life Mrs. Jefferson Cohn) as the adventuress, and Harry Baur, as the jealous submarine commander, in *Nitchevo* which has lately been completed in Paris

THE ONLY GIRL: Margaretta Scott as Stella Morrow, the last of her sex left in a devastated world after the great war of 1988, meets the Prime Minister and his Cabinet. A scene from *Woman Alive*, the stage fantasy adapted by Beatrix Thomson from the book by Susan Ertz and presented last week at the Richmond Theatre. Stella has a bitter lesson to propound. Women, she says, have merited extermination. Theirs was the power to turn men's minds away from war. They failed to use it

A Page for Women

FASHION WIPES OUT NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

WHEN I asked Maggy Rouff "What is it that makes a Frenchwoman unmistakeable wherever she may be?" she smiled slowly and said, "I could not possibly know that, because I can never tell whether a well-dressed woman is English or French or American or German. They all look exactly alike!

"That is what fashion does. It breaks down national barriers because it sets a universal standard to which women all over the world try to conform.

"It is only the working people of a country who still preserve the characteristics of their race, and even they are becoming blurred now that they are giving up their national costumes. It is such a pity, for it makes the world so dull, especially as they always go into black, and nothing looks so drab or is so unsuitable in the country."

Creed's beautifully simple blouse in black satin with a draped front and knotted ends at the throat. The hat is Rose Valois' Foreign Legion model, in black straw with a sun blind of red silk jersey

She is gay and charming and sympathetic, this Maggy Rouff who has just staged her London opening after first showing her spring collection in Paris three weeks ago. One story she told me was about a woman who enthusiastically ordered seven or eight dresses. The delight of the *vendeuse* was manifest until, just as the client was leaving, she said "Maybe you had better not do anything about those dresses until after you have rung me up in the morning. Then I will let you know for certain." So, possessing her soul in patience, the *vendeuse* waited and then telephoned. "Have you decided, Madame?" she eagerly asked. To be told "Not yet. I have not had a moment. Let me see, this is Friday. Ring me again on Monday because then I shall have been able to make up my mind in church."

One of the most amazing things is what women will go through in order to see a collection on the first day it is shown. The sort of woman who would be insulted if she did not have the best seats in a theatre will sit uncomfortably on little gilt chairs for hours, her neighbours overlapping her on each side and somebody breathing heavily down her neck, just to catch a glimpse of swaying mannequins who hurry disdainfully by. If for a moment their attention is not riveted on clothes, then they play at waving to one another. And the gossip. Only at hairdressers and in beauty salons can women be more indiscreet than they are at dress shows!

The big news of the spring collections is suits. Suits that show a corseted waistline, with slender skirts and fitted jackets. Which means that blouses are outstandingly interesting. For the moment they are cut on simple shirt lines, crisply tailored in tie silks, in surah, or in shantung. Tucked-in blouses with waistcoat points over the front of the skirt are good, and later on, lingerie blouses will flourish, lacey and light and exaggeratedly feminine. An effect which is heightened by buttonholes and white lace gloves worn even with severely tailored suits.

Beauty for the busy woman

THERE is one thing about busy women. They are usually methodical—because they have to be. And method wins more battles for beauty than anything else can do. If you have only a little time to spare each day, follow a strict regime, and let it be as basically simple as possible.

There can be little need to say very much about cleansing, toning, and feeding the skin. Every woman knows that these three things are essential, and that they must be attended to every single day.

Here is a basic treatment for every type of skin. At night clean the skin with a cleansing milk. Alternate nights feed it with a nourishing cream and tone it with an astringent milk. In the morning use a nourishing cream and leave it on while you have your bath. Wash off with soap and softened water. Brace the skin with an astringent lotion—and it is then ready for make-up. It takes practically no time at all, but it will keep the complexion beautifully clear and young.

Never hurry over make-up. The results are always disastrous, and you will get terribly harassed. A carefully applied make-up will last a long time, but one that is dabbed on is infinitely worse than nothing at all. A mascara that is easy to apply and that definitely makes the lashes grow is a new blessing and an outline pencil for the lips is a thing you will never want to be without once you have tried it.

Set aside one do-or-die night, when you can attend to your eyebrows, your hands, your nails (feet as well), your hair, and all the other odd jobs that are essential to good grooming. You cannot afford to overlook them, for noobdy else will.

If you have any particular problem, or if you would like further particulars about any of the things mentioned here, please write to me.

Olive Caley-Smith

Paris Proposes— But Individualists Persist

Here is a magpie effect (magpie in cage?) given by a black and white striped coat with forward jutting revers, worn with a black cloche hat with a heavily bordered veil

It must have been comfortable, the pillbox hat on the right, seen at a point-to-point steeplechase, and the hooded scarf that is worn over it gives it a very Eastern effect

Here is another pillbox, more conventional this time. It rests so precariously on the head that it has to be anchored with a spotted scarf tied in bows at the back

An Eastern Effect

Spots behind the Eyes

THE THINGS WOMEN DO

AN OPERA STAR AND HER HOBBY—HORSES: Maria Jeritza, the renowned Viennese singer, with two of her superb grey Lippizzans, imported from the Spanish Riding School, Vienna, to her ranch in Hidden Valley, California, where, under her direction, she has a training and stud establishment for this unique breed. The Lippizzan, with its broad back and handsome curved neck, is the perfect exponent of Haute Ecole, those exercises that in Habsburg days were part and parcel of military ceremonial. Madame Jeritza will be coming to sing in London in the spring

IT'S ALL THE SAME TO THEM: Meet Joan, Helen, and Doreen Weller, the sixteen-year-old triplets from Shirley, Croydon, who went to school together, being always in the same class, who took their examinations and passed them together, and are all three now in the Civil Service. Helen and Joan work in the Air Ministry, and Doreen is in the Admiralty. Helen has rather darker features and could not be mistaken for either of her sisters

SHE DOTES ON DOLLS: This is little Carmen Franco, dark-eyed daughter of General Franco, the Spanish insurgent generalissimo

MUCH ADO ABOUT A MARRIAGE: Sixty-eight-year-old Prince Michael Radziwill, wealthy Polish landowner, with Mlle Janette Suchestow, a former mannequin, to whom he has become engaged despite the opposition of his family who have actually obtained a court decision appointing a special guardian over his estates on the ground that he is "mentallyirresponsible"

THE BALLOON DANCE: One of the bright items in *So This Is Charm*, the new cabaret at Grosvenor House which has an all-British team. They give a first-class show and, judging by the response of the cognoscenti, the indigenous brand of midnight entertainer is well up to the polished standard of her American counterpart who has for so long dominated "London after dark." *(A camera study by Lancelot Vining)*

THE GOSSAMER TOUCH: Miss Patricia Hambro was a striking figure in her classic gown and flowing veil as she entered St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for her wedding to Mr. J. S. Lyon, the well-known golfer

PAY YOUR PENNY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE: Booklovers browsing over a miscellaneous pile of volumes heaped on the cobbled pavement of the Caledonian Market, North London's famous mart. There is always the chance of finding a first edition, but the task of searching requires a patience that is born only of unquenchable enthusiasm

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

FRED CORNPLOW COMES OUT ON TOP

Sinclair Lewis Writes a Light Novel of Family Life, Indicting America's Younger Generation

By VERNON FANE

WHEN America's most famous writer decides to produce a light novel in which the sole object is entertainment and the satiric quirk is never uncomfortably apparent, he is apt to be told that he is hardly showing his real form, that it is a sad disappointment from the pen of the man who wrote *Babbitt*, and that any one of six minor novelists could have done as well with the same type of thing.

None of which alters the fact that, provided he can make it entertaining, and that is a fairly tricky proviso, an author is entitled to write as the fancy seizes him, and to be judged on the merit of each book as it appears. The fact that he seldom is judged in this way fails completely to shake me.

With **THE PRODIGAL PARENTS** (Cape. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Sinclair Lewis has given his immense public a cheerful, topical novel about the lives of a not-so-cheerful but equally topical American family.

Fred Cornplow sells cars in a small American country town, and he makes quite a good thing of it, good enough to give his son and daughter college educations and very adequate allowances, and good enough to buy his wife handsome clothes and the leisure to wear them. His son and his daughter dabble in psycho-analysis and Communism and, while patronising him for his backward views, demand that he should finance their attempts to run Left weeklies, house agencies, and interior decoration businesses.

They are, all in all, as pretty a pair of muddle-brained leeches as it would be possible to find, and they talk (incessantly) with that assurance of youth so dangerously akin to old-fashioned priggishness.

Mr. Lewis has done a grand piece of work on them, given his readers endless laughs and left them with the cosy feeling that there is not so much wrong after all with a world in which the Fred Cornplows come out on top at long last.

With her new novel Miss Phyllis Bentley is back in her familiar West Riding, and writing of the types that few contemporary novelists understand as well. There is little that is dramatic about **SLEEP IN PEACE** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.); on the contrary it is a sober reconstruction and a shrewd estimate of a generation and a transition that was hastened by the war.

The town of Hudley, the dour manufacturing centre that is as important to the development of Miss Bentley's story as any of the characters themselves, appears as a joyless spot though easy enough to reconstruct for anyone with an experience of the north. Hudley, with its wool mills, is going through a stage of transition, with its inhabitants.

"This generation made the transition from Victorian England — industrially expanding, pious, a Great Power and proud of it—to the confused revolts and uncertain loyalties of to-day," writes Miss Bentley in a foreword.

Alfred Armistead and Henry Hinchcliffe represent between them all that was strongest in the Victorian tradition. They are partners in a mill, and—grudgingly—friends, though Henry, who is "chapel" and something of a joy-killer, disapproves of Alfred's flights of enthusiasm, his tendency to gamble, and the way he brings his children up.

As for the children—three in each family—they are allies, and not likely to be influenced over-much by their parents' peccadilloes. When the war comes they have grown to maturity, and it is in the years following the war that their most difficult readjustments take place.

Here again there is little insistence on humour, but a great deal of honest observation and clear writing. Miss Bentley makes out no case, unless it is for a kind of patient, all-weather integrity that has a kinship with the stuff of Yorkshire itself, but she has written a serious and thoughtful book, and one that will stimulate thought in others.

Two fathers who attempt to work out their destinies in the lives of their sons are the subject of Mr. Howard Spring's new novel, which is also immeasurably his best.

The fathers of **O ABSALOM!** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) have known each other since boyhood. One of them, whose autobiography the book purports to be, starts life in a Manchester slum and ends as a famous novelist. From his pinched and unhappy childhood he conceives the idea of giving his own son everything in life that he has missed himself. The result is a final and overwhelming tragedy at the end of a lifetime of disillusion and rebuffs. Ingratitude would be a mere euphemism for the son's attitude to his father and, until the *rapprochement* which occurs when the son is already doomed, the gulf that separates the two is never bridged.

Dermot O'Riorden, an artist who is the novelist's lifelong friend, has less material, but equally definite plans for his son's future; he is to be the great Irish patriot that his father missed being by too great concentration on his own work. "I've had to choose," says O'Riorden early in the story, "what channels I should put my energy into. And I've chosen for good and all. But I'm no less a patriot for that. I'm no less an Irishman for that. I can still give something to Ireland. All that I should have liked to do can still be done. If I have a son, it shall be done . . ."

That son was born, and grew into as fervent a patriot as Ireland ever knew, but he was fated to die very young, shot down by the writer's son in the Irish countryside.

To tell the plot baldly is to make it appear as an unrelieved tragedy, and to give no idea of the strong humanity of the theme. There is little humour, but there is the compensation of forceful writing, and very strongly limned character. Mr. Spring wastes no time in innuendo, but drives on with the main purpose of his story, which is to show, with fine simplicity, the failure and pathos of a human attempt to play destiny.

M. Jean Giono, translated for the first time from the French, is responsible for the most remarkable novel of the week. It is far more than that, one of his most powerful and beautiful books, and one that is entitled to serious consideration as a classic.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) like all M. Giono's stories, has its background in that arid, mountainous, unfamiliar country of which Briançon and Manosque are the farthermost outposts. Beautiful country of deep rivers and lonely tracks and high plateaux, beautiful and, till the advent of Giono, unchronicled.

It is difficult to convey the quality of this writer's work, even by quotation, or at least by the amount of quotation for which I should have space. He is at his best perhaps when writing of natural things: of the strength and smell of a river, of the silence that broods over the grass plains, and of the skill of a man fashioning a plough. Reading his work is a personal experience, an experience which, in my case, has always been unforgettable.

Whatever one's opinion of him, though, it cannot be a negligible one. He may be difficult. He is, heaven knows "different", and he is comparable to nobody writing to-day, so that there are no easy scales of value by which to measure his work. All that I suggest is that his worth should not be assessed by hearsay, and that one should read at least *The Song of the World* before defining an opinion.

On the other hand **FRUIT IN SEASON** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) strikes me as being a fundamentally unimportant novel. It is charming, it has a nostalgic prettiness, and it is written with a grace that deserves a better name than mere competence. It even has a kind of elegance of its own, and it would make delightful reading for the kind of week-end where neither the company nor the circumstances prompted anything more intellectual.

An old house, Tudor as to its foundations, with Palladian additions, on the borders of Essex and Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, is the scene of Mr. Anthony Thorne's new novel, and the chief reason for it, since it is the house that contributes unity to the plot, and gives the author his means of making a shapely, as well as a coherent story.

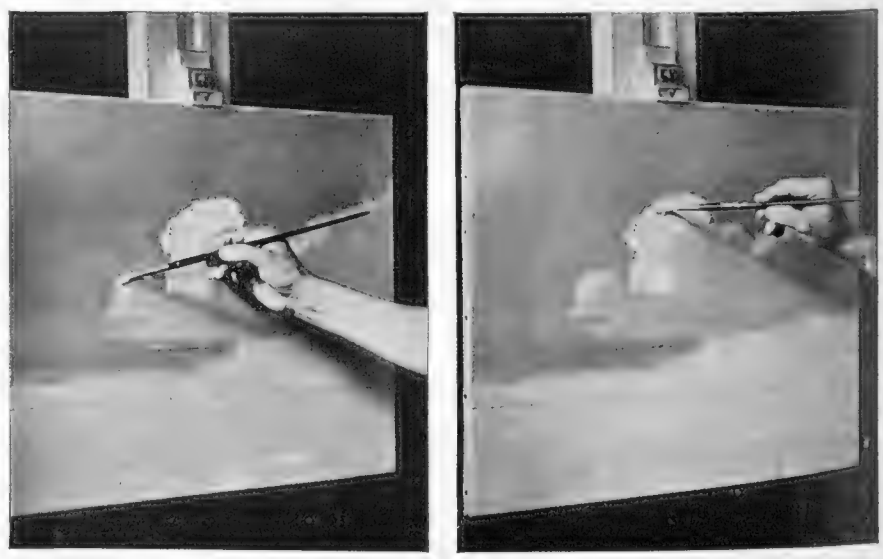
Mr. William Sloane's story more than fulfils the eerie promise of its title, **TO WALK THE NIGHT** (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.). It is a mystery, but of a new kind, since there is nothing beyond a murder and a suicide that is material about the mystery and a great deal that is other-worldly.

The "how" of a murder mystery is a more or less familiar problem, but not so every day when it is concerned with a professor found burning in intense white flames in a lonely observatory. The chair in which he is sitting is barely blistered though his bones are half incinerated, and as the two young friends burst in upon him his eyes seem to flicker a last message through the quivering tongues of fire.

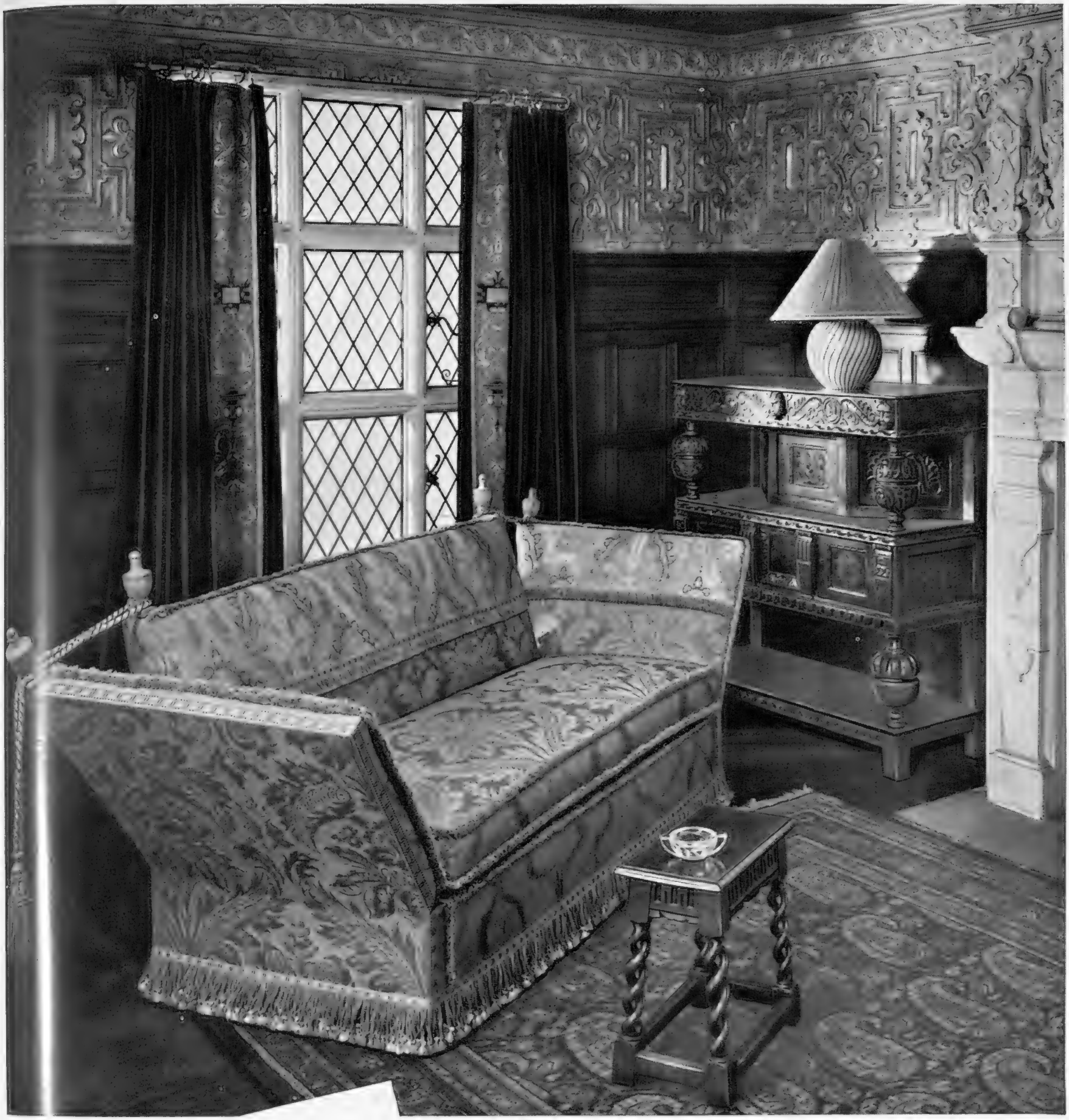
That, you might say, and I emphatically do, is the stuff to give 'em. Later a strangely beautiful woman makes her appearance; the kind of woman to whom love-lorn men quite naturally give square-cut emeralds, and the plot thickens to the consistency of a witch's brew. She comes, the deduction is, from the stars, but again how or even why is not so easy to work out. In any case she is a redoubtable friend and a really spine-chilling enemy, and she provides some of the better moments of an unusually good mystery story

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—FOR THOSE FEW MINUTES: Almost an Anthology. Edited by Eric Partridge. 6s. BEHIND THE SCREEN: How Films are Made. Edited by Stephen Watts. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. BLACKWELL.—WOULD I FIGHT? Edited by Keith Briant and Lyall Wilkes. 5s. BLES.—THROUGH TURBULENT YEARS. By Vernon McKenzie. 10s. 6d. THAT STATE OF LIFE. By Hilton Brown. 8s. 6d. CAPE.—WHAT NEXT? Provocative Tales of Faith and Morals. By Laurence Housman. 8s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—DICK SHEPPARD: An Apostle of Brotherhood. 2s. 6d. LUCY AND AMADES. By Esther Meynell. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—COLOURED SPECTACLES. By Frederick Niven. 10s. 6d. O ABSALOM! By Howard Spring. 8s. 6d. THE BEAST MUST DIE. By Nicholas Blake. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—THE ROAD FROM JERICHO. By Olivia Daniell. 7s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—DOWN DONKEY ROW. By Len Ortzen. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION. By Sir Charles Petrie. 3s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—PROFANE PILGRIMAGE: Wanderings Through Yugoslavia. By Lovett Fielding Edwards. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. PARADISE FLOW. By Jean Devanny. 7s. 6d. THOSE DEFENCELESS YEARS. By Denis Godfrey. 7s. 6d. ALPINE EPISODE. By Rosamond Lawrence. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE CROWNING MURDER. By H. H. Stanners. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—ALONE THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN LAND: Journeys in Disguise Through Soviet Central Asia. By Gustav Krist. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND. By Marmaduke Dixey. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—MEN ARE SO FRIENDLY. By Nancy Swift. 7s. 6d. THE OLD-TIME MAORI. By Makereti. Illustrated. 16s.



A PICTURE IN THE MAKING: *Left*—The manner of holding the brush for a dragged touch and (*right*) the application of a loaded impasto. Two of the excellent diagrammatic photographs reproduced in *Painting in Oils*, by Bertram Nicholls, a valuable publication in the "How to Do It" series issued by the Studio, Ltd., at 7s. 6d. The author describes every stage of the artist's work, beginning with the preparation of the canvas and continuing through to the final problem of protecting the completed "masterpiece"



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THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: With the placing in service of ninety-three new trolley-buses, London's biggest transport change-over has taken place. The trolley-buses, first to run in the City, have replaced trams on several routes. One of the new vehicles is seen passing a tramcar in Gray's Inn Road

SILENCE IS GOLDEN—But as yet Unattained in the Modern Motor Car

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MY recent remarks about unwanted noises on modern motor cars have brought me in a considerable amount of correspondence and after reading about the troubles of my fellow motorists I am beginning to wonder if this development of comparative silence in motor cars is really for the best. There was a lot to be said for that nice tuned note coming from the exhaust pipe. The expert by his efforts on the engine would make the note musical, at any rate to his ears. But, perhaps, its greatest benefit was that it completely swamped all other noises. The only worry was whether the exhaust note had lost any of its punch.

To-day, as I have remarked, windscreen wipers, unoccupied seats, and a hundred and one other things all some time or other make themselves heard and are exceedingly difficult to silence. The manager of the service station of the company which makes the car which I am driving at the moment keeps telling me that I never drive a car but am always testing it. Whether that is true or not I am unable to say, but I do know that the slightest squeak or rattle is to my ear like a discord and it has to be traced and removed in the shortest space of time.

Funnily enough unless unwanted noises are traced and dealt with quickly there is a very great danger that the owner or driver will become so accustomed to the nuisance that it will become quite inaudible to his ears provided it does not become worse or better, for any change such as this would immediately give fresh prominence to its existence.

One of my correspondents tells me that he lives in London overlooking some mews and adds that his rest is always being disturbed by people slamming the doors of cars. Although I do not live in town and I am not worried in this manner, I can quite realise that the continuous shutting of car doors would be an infernal nuisance. My correspondent asks me if any silent car door has yet been introduced. I regret to say that I have not heard of such a development, and now that I come to think of it I am inclined to state that the shutting of doors on motor cars is, if anything, a noisier proceeding than before.

In one's house any occupant would be frowned upon if not cursed if he or she banged a door, but on a car there are very few doors that can be shut properly without slamming. Apart from the noise which this treatment produces it must be terribly bad for the body-work as a whole. A silent door should not be an impossible thing to produce, but I doubt whether anyone in the places that matter has ever thought of such a development. We have many firms of excellent coach-builders, indeed probably the finest in the world, and I feel certain that at least one of them should be able to produce the silent door and let us have a look at it at the next motor show.

I have just taken delivery of a new 30-h.p. Rolls-Royce. I have to confess that motoring to-day has nothing like the attractions it had for me twenty-five years ago. I know I am not by any means alone in finding that motoring to-day is very different from motoring yesterday, but in taking over my new car I find there is still a distinct kick in finding the new vehicle in front of one's hall door for the first time. Unfortunately, on this occasion my joy has been somewhat diluted when I found to my horror that my colour schemes on the car had misfired.

For many years now I have always decided on black as the "colour" for the outside of the car and in order to introduce some variation from year to year I have changed the colour of the interior. This year I thought I would drop the funereal black and decided on a marine blue. At the same time I selected Cambridge blue for the upholstery, and when Hoopers sent me samples of the outside shade, the inside, the headcloth, and the carpet they all seemed to enjoy being together, as it were, but when the car arrived, well the result was very different from what had been expected. It is the old snag which every householder experiences at least once in a lifetime that colours in the mass are very different from colours on sample cards. Anyway, I have a very pleasing exterior to my car, likewise an agreeable interior, but when someone opens the door the shocks commence, for the clash of colours is terrific.

AN AUSTIN IN HOLLYWOOD: Among the British cars which have found favour with the American public figure very prominently the Austin products. Johnny Dow[illegible] and Eleanore Whitney, two of Paramount's contract players, are seen with an Austin Goodwood saloon near the famous Hollywood Round Bowl

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THE MADLY FLUCTUATING FRANC

(*Continued from page* 412)

business was as unsettling as it was ugly, giving opportunity for all manner of preying on the public. Yet, if countless French domestic budgets were torpedoed, "the public" brought on a deal of its own woe by short-sighted hoarding and by speculation.

I place early 1926 as having been the "richest" period for foreigners cast to live with the fluctuating franc, then around 170. I recall that a first-rate pension at Biarritz worked out at under 6s. a day.

When, in July 1926, the franc hit bottom at 240 to the £ I was reporting Deauville. Accordingly, I missed irate Parisians throwing pebbles at the U.S. occupants of sight-seeing coaches. But I did not miss cuties by the sea lighting cigarettes with 50-franc notes. That happened, though only on one night, the act being too much even for the local temple of gaming. The nation got wind of it, however, and worse than mere nastiness must have supervened had not Raymond Poincaré taken over, for, with all his faults, he did inculcate obedience in Frenchmen. Still, the 1926 franc had been wrecked in large part by Frenchmen who organised a flight from it in order to bring down the Left Government, technique that has been successfully repeated more than once since.

After an interval of juggling, Poincaré early in 1927 stabilised at 124, and France was to know almost five solid years of currency constancy at that rate. Uneventful years from the viewpoint of this story.

Came September, 1931. Britain goes off gold. The succeeding five years were lean indeed for most save gold standard Dutch and Swiss. From 86 to the £ in 1931, our currency fell to 70, in 1935. The lowest ever inflicted on me was 68, even as the highest had been 210, in 1926. Most working Britons had to be granted "compensated salaries," a third increase, else they never could have carried on.

Gradually France became denuded of foreign visitors, almost the last to go being "the little old women with their teapots," from the Riviera. A depressing emptiness was communicated. Gone most of one's friends, driven home by the poor pound and dollar.

The newspapers featured the bursting gold of the nation's bank—80 per cent. coverage "in the yellow metal." How our friends gloated over the yellow metal. How the French were getting a kick from the somersaulted situation. They had their own country to themselves at last.

Yet something was supervening which was steadily to undermine that way of reasoning. With a hopelessly "dear" franc, France was simply falling out of the world market. Internally, a spreading stagnation in industry and commerce came to roost. Eventually, wonder of wonders, French people began coming to you in the exact opposite frame of mind from that challenging *et la livre stairlin?* of a decade before. Now it was a case of *pourvu que la livre monte!* Now they wanted the £ to rise again in order that the over-valued franc might draw level with world prices, and foreign visitors and business return to boycotted France. That was why Blum's first devaluation to 106 to the £ was so popular, evoking sighs of relief from every stratum, whatever may be said to-day.

If French people sighed, so did others!

In the past six months there have been times when one has thought oneself back in the jazz era. The franc has had three fresh variations—135, 147, and 153 to the £. And prices are rising afresh, and complaints—mild word—no less so.

The trouble, in France, is the handling of the currency—man-handling might be a better word. That is why all who appreciate the real story of the franc will wish Finance Minister Marchandeau good luck in his attempt to produce a "shock-proof" franc, for which purpose he has recovered £28,000,000 from the Bank of France that had latterly been paid back by the Exchange Equalisation Fund. But it is emphasised that the franc will continue to vary so long as there is a deficit as high as £70,000,000 on the annual commercial balance.

CONTINUATIONS

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS RECALLED

(*Continued from page* 418)

The Canadian Militia, left to defend their own land, proved themselves valiant and fully the equal of the Americans, who were never able to secure any of their objectives in Canada. The British army had a successful march to Washington, where, under orders from home, they burnt many of the public buildings.

The interesting feature of the war was the success of the small American Navy against the British Navy, then regarded as without a real rival. The American ships were few but eager and well gunned and when the British, regardless of size, came, in the Nelson manner, alongside, they were quickly mastered, to their own amazement. The only satisfaction from the British point of view, was that when a duel between two equal ships, the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* took place, the British overcame the *Chesapeake* in fifteen minutes.

The battle of New Orleans, so picturesquely shown in *The Buccaneer*, took place at the very end of the war—indeed when peace had been actually settled but before the news had reached America. The English had led an expedition to New Orleans, where there seemed every chance of gaining an important territory the inhabitants of which were not unwilling to be under British rule. General Andrew Jackson led the American troops, and with the aid of Lafitte, the buccaneer, drove off the English.

In the meantime the American and British Commissioners had been settling terms of peace at Ghent, where on Christmas Eve, 1814, a treaty was signed which has borne the test of time.

EARLY KEYBOARD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

(*Continued from page* 425)

men of varied opinion. The clavichord (illustrated on page 425) is a small, rectangular shallow instrument suitable for placing on tables, usually played when standing, being manipulated by a small brass "tangent," which, when the key is struck rises to the string and pressing it upwards causes it to vibrate, dividing it into two unequal lengths, the shorter being rendered silent, the longer producing the sound. The clavichord is said to have been first made in the thirteenth century.

The term virginal included in the fifteenth century the harpsichord and spinet. Roughly rectangular it is the earliest of the plectrum group, all of which instruments are worked by "jacks," upright strips of wood fitted with outstanding quill or leather points for twanging the strings upwards. A jack board stretches diagonally from side to side to control them, the tuning pins are on the right and at right angles to the keyboard as shown in the illustrations.

The spinet was contemporary with the harpsichord, English examples are shaped like a harp laid flat, and have stands (the term is used also for virginals) the jacks and tuning pins are arranged above the keyboard.

The harpsichord, the greatest of the group, was known in the sixteenth century, and gradually developed during 300 years, eventually being made with two manuals, five stops, machine, three pedals, and a swell. These magnificent instruments were played for solos or in orchestral works by Purcell, Bach, and Handel.

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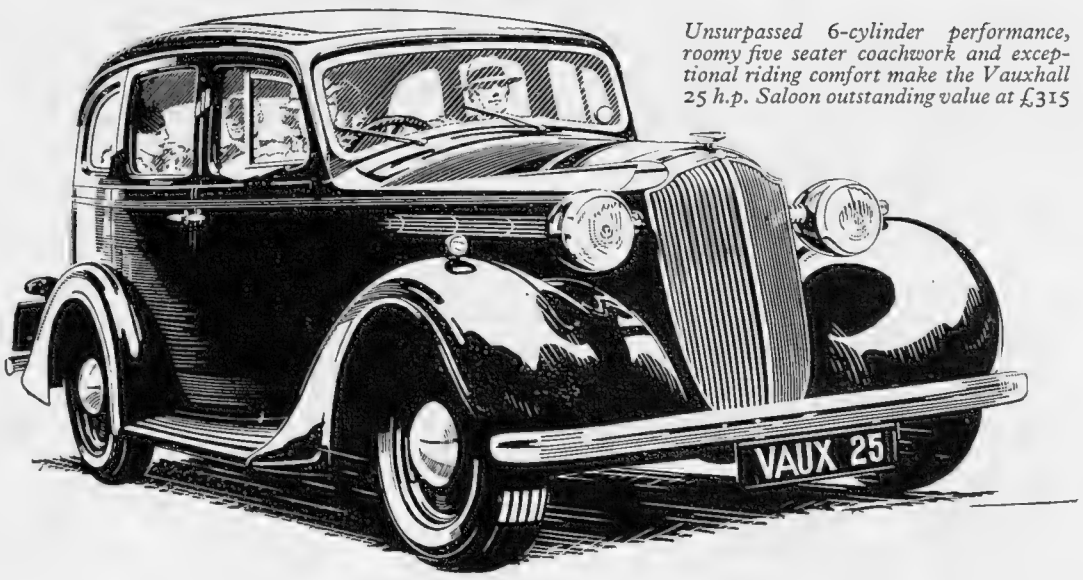

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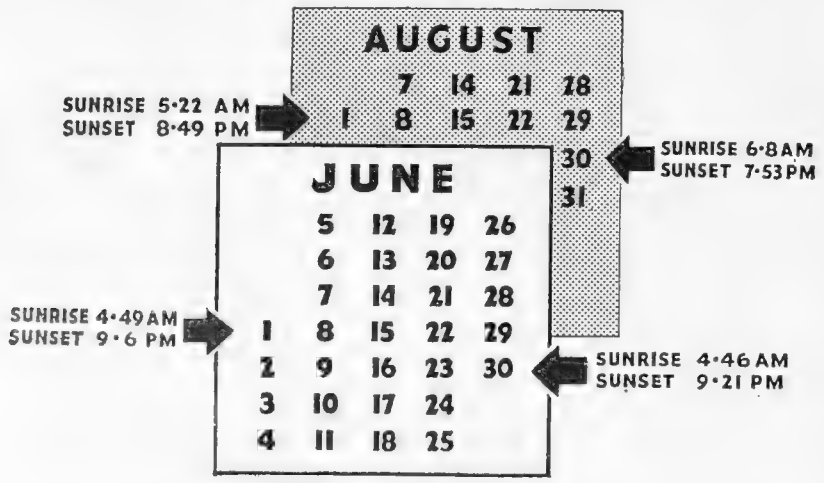

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"GO THOU TO ROME"

By all means Follow the Poet's Injunction, but Remember Italy's Charms are Manifold, and from the Dolomites to Sicily there are Sights and Scenes the Traveller Must Not Miss

FOR the traveller Italy is indeed the lucky dip. Wherever you plunge you find a prize worth having. To quite a number in this country its charms are already known, many more look forward to the time when they will be able to go there, others—only a few I hope—have a vague idea founded on crooners' licence that there is some solar dislocation which makes the Italian nocturnal hours coincide with Wednesday over here.

There are already indications that the coming season will see the land of the Caesars in still greater favour. By that I mean the season when the thoughts of the English holiday-maker lightly turn in the direction of jaunts abroad. There is, of course, a more restricted traffic all the year round of those who can afford to spend our colder months in a more balmy atmosphere.

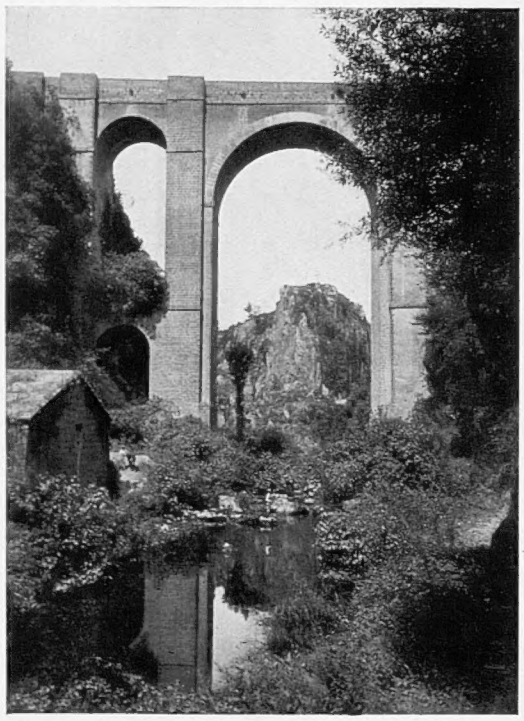
Italy's range of interest seems to be infinite. There is no taste it does not satisfy. If you glance down the map of the country name after name stands out provoking a determined "I must go there." The six outstanding cities in your mind will probably be Rome, Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, and Genoa, and I know many who regard Florence as the most enchanting of them all, but to get there it is necessary to see, or at least pass through, some of the others first. So, for a moment, let us consider the ways of approach.

By accident rather than design my own journeys have taken me over the frontier on the Mediterranean coast, and incidentally I once had a curious experience of entering a tunnel in French territory passing through Italian and coming out again in France. That was in an odd little salient approached through Sospel from behind Nice. There is nothing very dramatic in entering the country by the coast road. The scenery on both sides is typical of the Riviera.

The more usual routes are through the great Alpine tunnels—Simplon, St. Gotthard, and Mont Cenis. The first two serve Milan and Venice and from the last named the line goes down through the Alpine amphitheatre into the plain of Piedmont. There are many Romanesque relics here and the chief city, Turin, the Augusta Taurinorum of other days, is a very busy centre. Let us not forget that the mountain ranges may also be crossed by motor and aeroplane. It must be a tremendous thrill by air for surely no other way can give views of such baffling splendour. The plane route is from Munich to Milan and takes 3 hours. Less awe-inspiring, perhaps, but with a compensating charm and interest, is the air route along the French Côte d'Azur and the western Ligurian Riviera.

There are many delightful spots along the Riviera from Ventimiglia to Leghorn. Rapallo, with the picturesque Portofino headland, San Remo, Nervi, and Viareggio at once come to mind, and if you want history you can find volumes of it in Genoa, founded before the Christian era, and to-day first port of the Mediterranean. In the intervening centuries its fortunes have swung between power and disaster, but to-day it is a splendid example of commercial enterprise, with many fine modern buildings, while preserving links with the past.

LOOKING FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE, with its magnificent sculptured figures including Cellini's "Perseus," to the castle-like Palazzo Vecchio, once the seat of the Florentine Republican Government and later the residence of Cosimo I



A HIGH BRIDGE OVER A LITTLE STREAM: The brick-built Ponte Clementino, near Civita Vecchia

On left—FLOODLIT POMPEII: The illuminations, a most popular innovation, give an eerie beauty to the classic architecture of the once buried city

Maybe your first contact with Italy is from the sea—Naples, Venice, Brindisi, or Genoa. In any case it is not easy to imagine any traveller giving either Naples or Venice the miss, yet there are some who regard Naples as too far out of the way. Do not make that mistake, and an effort to get farther south to see something of Sicily will be abundantly rewarded. Naples is distinctive with surviving characteristics of the days when it was under Spanish influence. The panorama of the bay is unforgettable and it is well to linger a while in the peace of Capri and Amalfi. You may go to the very crater of Vesuvius (perfect safety almost guaranteed) and see the glowing lava creeping down. The excursion people have reduced it to a two-performances-daily basis, but there is nothing like it in Europe.

A railway journey of just over two hours and a half separates Naples from Rome, verily the Eternal City. With all that the past has bequeathed there is everywhere striking evidence of the progressive methods of the present regime. To the irresistible lure of St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Colosseum has been added modern Italy's conception, Mussolini's Forum. Rome is indeed more fascinating to-day than ever.

Wherever you go you will find nothing with quite such charm as Florence. It is a model of style and grace, characteristics you will find to some extent in other parts of Tuscany of which it is the capital. Its wealth of buildings of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the Tuscan-Gothic cathedral, the priceless art treasures, the tranquillity of the countryside and the charm of the people all contribute to the enchantment you feel in this historic centre of culture.

Milan figures in the itineraries of most travellers if for no other reason than to see its great Gothic cathedral, but actually this hive of industry has much more to offer architecturally and artistically.

Let us now go up to the high ground in the north. If you want a novelty in mountain scenery see the Dolomites. This curious jumble of oddly shaped mountains is part of the Alpine chain and they rise out of lovely grassy uplands and valleys. Of magnesium lime formation the rock has a pinkish grey hue and in the sunlight the pinnacles and masses are in striking contrast to the green of the forests and fields. The changing colours in the varying lights are a feast for the eye. The Dolomites are easily accessible and there are some sixty resorts among them.

In the matter of roads the Italians have accomplished wonders in recent years fully living up to their great tradition established when the Romans laid them five feet thick and capped them with polygonal paving stones. Some of these old roads survive to this day. It will rejoice the heart of the English motorist to know that Italy does not allow pedestrians or horse-drawn vehicles on its motor roads.

The Italian lakes, too, will hold you for many a day. Como, Maggiore, and Garda have their respective champions and long, long ago Virgil and Catullus were writing in praise of Garda the biggest of them. Around the lakes are numerous resorts and if one picture more than any other impresses itself on the memory it is of Stresa on Maggiore. Should you return by the Simplon route this vision of surpassing beauty is the parting one you will have of Italy. It will never fade.

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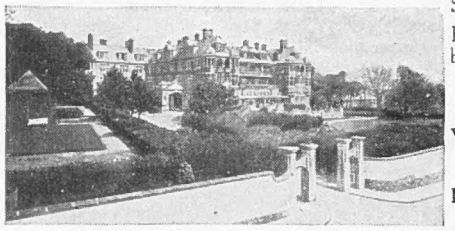

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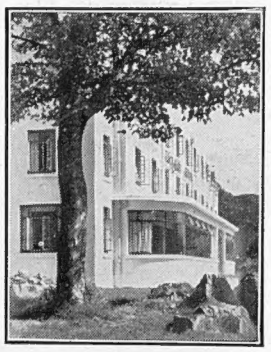

Arthur Towle, *Controller*, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1

In Quest of

The Carnarvon Arms, the Roebuck, Four Hotels Worthy

LAST week I received a letter from one of my regular readers to say that since the inception of these articles (February 22, 1936), he had underlined in red on his motoring maps all places at which I had recommended hotels, and always made a point of planning his tours so that he could be within striking distance of one of them.

After he has visited them, he tells me, he encircles the place on his map with a red ring, and can thus differentiate between the hotels he has visited and those he hopes to visit.

May he never put a black mark against any of my recommended hotels—is my only prayer!

My correspondent also tells me that he notices each week any new arrivals in THE SPHERE Hotel Register, and, on the strength that I know personally the majority, marks them down for a visit.

He also makes the excellent suggestion that I should from time to time give brief details of such of the hotels in the register that I have not as yet mentioned in my articles; and this I will most certainly do. Actually I had already picked out three hotels in the register which I have recently visited . . . and here they are.

THE CARNARVON ARMS, Dulverton—Hunting: red deer, fox, otter; fishing: trout, salmon, grayling; pastimes: walking, riding, motoring, billiards, tennis and golf.

Such is the bracing country life menu which the Carnarvon Arms offers. But to all this there is a personal aspect. The Carnarvon Arms, ever since it was built in 1873, has been in the hands of the Nelder family. Mr. R. C. B. Nelder, the present resident director, was born and brought up there. He lives for his hotel and the sport for which Dulverton is such an excellent centre.

There is nothing fancifully modern about the Carnarvon Arms, but on the other hand there is no modern necessity lacking. There is warmth in winter, a pleasant sun parlour for spring, summer, and autumn days; plenty of lounge accommodation, a billiard room, and a good library for rainy days, and always a cosy bar where the leading locals often forgather.

The Carnarvon Arms is very, very English—in its character, in its fare, all local and mostly home grown, as well as in the welcome one receives from Mr. and Mrs. Nelder.

THE ROEBUCK HOTEL, Wych Cross (London-Eastbourne Road).—Here indeed is a model hotel for Londoners to spend a week-end in the country. An excellent headquarters, too, for those who seek fresh air, fresh produce . . . and fresh surroundings.

Days can be spent roaming on horseback or afoot in Ashdown Forest; and with a car days soon become weeks

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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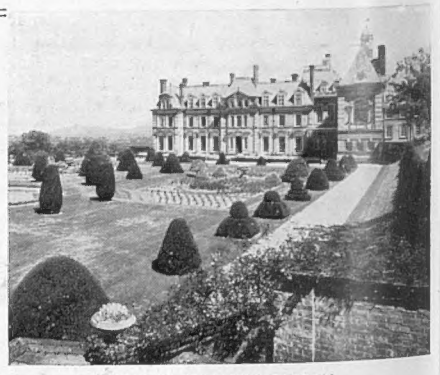

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A model hotel indeed. Model bedrooms—several with private bathrooms. A number of model suites. From every room there are captivating views over Ashdown Forest. It may be an optical delusion, but as soon as you survey yourself in your bedroom mirror you seem to be looking better. Most certainly you are after just a week-end there.

THE CHINE HOTEL, Boscombe.—A friend of mine at Torquay, who knows what's what as regards food and wine, told me the other day that the cold buffet in the dining room at the Chine Hotel, Boscombe, was invariably of a very high standard. And I entirely concurred with his views, except to add that the Chine Hotel was one of the best-run hotels in the South.

The pity of it is that so many people, looking for first-class accommodation in Bournemouth, forget the existence of, or the proximity of Boscombe.

Yet even at eight miles an hour along the Undercliff Drive, the Chine Hotel is a few minutes from Bournemouth's pavilion and pier. A magnificent hotel in a magnificent position, looking directly over Boscombe pier with uninterrupted sea views, it is an hotel which seems always bathed in sunshine. Register the name for some future occasion. Your only regret will be that you have not visited the Chine before.

THE LUTTRELL ARMS, Dunster. *A Trust House.*—This is an hotel that certainly ought to be in the register, but is not.

Students of English history who are looking for new angles of research could not do better than examine the history of that increasing chain of trust houses which are to be found in all parts of the country.

What a wealth of history there is alone in that wonderful old Somerset inn, the Luttrell Arms at Dunster. Monastic days; relics of the time when Dunster was a busy, woolweaving town; Tudor panelling; Dutch plaster-work; and without—the hanging inn sign depicting the coat of arms of that great Dunster family of Luttrell.

Whilst the Luttrell Arms has much to exhibit of the past, there is evidence always of Dunster's sporting present. For here the hunt meets, polo enthusiasts forgather, and at all times there is to be heard the talk of those whose lives are lived in the open.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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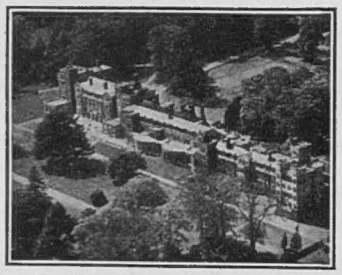

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 122.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. Cornwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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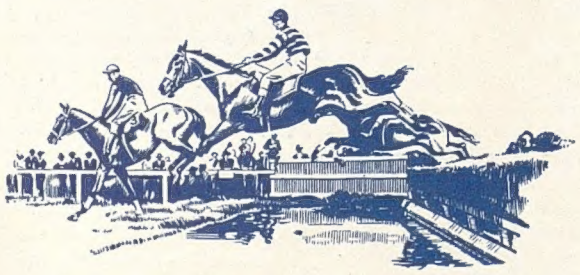

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